BABELS BALM:

OR

THE HONEY-COMBE OF ROMES RELIGION.

WITH

A neate *draining* and *ſtraining-out* of the rammiſh HONEY thereof.

Sung in tenne moſt elegant ELEGIES in Latine, by that moſt worthy Chriſtian SATYRIST, Maſter GEORGE GOOD-VVINNE.

AND

Tranſlated into tenne Engliſh SATYRES, *by the* Muſes moſt vnworthy *Eccho*, IOHN VICARS.

AVGVSTINE,

Pride hath an appetite of Vnitie and Omnipotency.



Imprinted at London by *George Purſlowe* for *Nathanaell Browne*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, at the vpper end of the long Walke neere *Little S. Bartholomews*.

1624.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE, WILLIAM LORD HERBERT, of *Cardiffe, Marmion* S^t. *Quintin*, and *Parr* of *Kendall*; EARLE *of Pembrooke*, *Chamberlaine* of his MAIESTIES Houſehold, Chauncelour of OXFORD, Knight of the Noble Order of the GARTER; and one of his MAIESTIES moſt Honorable PRIVIE-COVNCELL.

WIſe *Counſellours* (great Lord) as *Sages ſay*, (aime;
Haue three faire *Markes* to make their beſt bleſt
Firſt, Gods due glory; next, their Princes Fame;
Laſtly, to be their Countries Staffe and Stay.

God *His* exacts; *by whom*, they 're firſt elected:
Kings, *Theirs* expect; *vnder whom* they haue Grace:
States, *Hence* their Fates extract; *for whom* that Place
They exerciſe, to ſee them ſafe protected.

How well your Lordſhip hits *this* triple-*White*,
How well your Worth's approu'd to God and Man,
Your *God*, your *King*, your *Countrey* witneſſe can,
Whoſe *Goodneſſe*, *Grauenеſſe*, *Greatneſſe*, All delight.

Your *Goodneſſe* to your *God*, your *Faith* makes knowne,
Your *Grauenеſſe* to your *King*, your *Wiſedome* ſhowes;
Your *Greatneſſe* to the *State*, in *Vertue* flowes;
Faith, Wiſedome, Worth, *combin'd*, *conioyn'd* in *One*.

A faire *Paire-Royall* in a *Loyall Peere*,
Whom *Heauen* hath happifi'd for's *Piety*,
Whom his great *King* loues for his *Loyalty*;
Whom all his *Countrey*, iuſtly, holds moſt *deere*.

O, may *this* three-fold *Twiſt be* ne're vntwin'd;
May *Piety* your *Pilot* euer bee:
O, may your *Prince* your *Prudence* euer ſee;
Long may your *Countrey* your good *Counſaile* finde.

That as *you* GOD, GOD may *you* euer honour;
That as *you* grace your *King*, your *King* may grace *you*;
That as *you* fight vnder *Faiths* bleſſed Banner;
Your *God*, your *King*, your *Countrey* may embrace *you*:
His humble *Heart* and *Voice*, this *ſayes*, thus *prayes*;
Who in his *Prayers*, his *Beſt*, doth *reſt* alwayes.

Your Honours *moſt humble*
Votarie *to be* com-
manded,

IOHN VICARS.

TO

TO THE IVDICIOVS AND COVRTEOVS READER.

Thou hast here (courteous Reader) my Authours Epistle Dedicatorie: *which both for the* Elegancy *thereof, and* proprietie *to this present Discourse, I haue translated into English, the rather for that the Authour hath learnedly laid downe his* Motiues *both to the* Matter *and Metricall* Method *thereof. Which as they most iustly may and doe protect him from the* Prauitie *of detracting* Malignitie: *So I hope they will with no lesse indifferencie (my* Cause *and* Case *being the same in the* Matter, *though farre inferiour in the* Manner) Patronize *me, and* Apologize *for me against the* Malice *of muttering* Momus. *Thus hoping the* best *in the generous and iudicious, disdayning the* worst *in the degenerous and insciticus. I rest*

Thine Io. VICARS.

The Authours Epiſtle Dedicatorie to the right Honorable Sir ROBERT NANTON, Knight, Principall Secretarie to the State, and one of his Maieſties moſt Honourable *priuie Councell.*

MAny things there be (right Honourable) which *vilifie* and *diminiſh* the faith of Romes Religion, which *fortifie* and *garniſh* ours. And yet indeed it is a very miſerable and deplorable thing, that in *matter* of *Religion*, mens mindes and iudgements ſhould ſtill hang wauering and anxiouſly tottering as a *Wedge* of *Steele* betweene two attractiue *Loadeſtones*; and not to be maturely and firmely confirmed in the indubitable orthodox Faith and Religion. When therefore I had *adapted* and *addicted* my mind to the ſtudie of *Diuinitie*, and afterward ſetled my ſerious inquiſition vpon *Controuerſies of Faith: Poperie* moſt perſpicuouſly ſeemed to me, to be nothing elſe, but a certaine pompous & Maieſticke *Monarchie*, begotten by *Ambition*, bred and fed vp by *Superſtition*, blocked-vp and fortified by *Tyranny*, enlarged and propagated both by the *Mammon* of the World, and fraudulent *Fabrication* of the *Pſeudo-Clergie*.

Many moſt learned *Authours* haue by their worthy *Writings* notably ſhaken this (I ſay not *Religion*, but) *Relegation* or *Baniſhment* of true *Religion*: and may *It* now (with your Honours good liking) put on a verſified *Veſture*, and by this my *Edition* and *Dedication* to your Honour,

Honour, come forth, yet more grossely guiltie from me.

Theodorite writes of one *Ephres* of *Syrus* an Iland in *Asia*, who long since composed in diuers kinds of *Verses*, whatsoeuer appertained to *Pietie* and *Religion*: That so they might the more feruently be affected and earnestly desired. The same doth *Socrates* and *Sozomen* affirme of *Apollinarius*; And *Gregory Nyssen* of *Basil* and of *Nazianzen*. Of more proximious and moderne times also *Eobanus* of *Hesse*, *Beza*, *Bucanan*, and very many more did accomodate themselues (as it were, with a certaine kinde of delightfull *Sawce* and *Seasoning* of the *Truth*) to the *illustration* and setting forth of the *Booke* of *Psalmes* in *Verse*.

Μὴ βαλέτω με λίθοις ἀγγέλων ὄχθος (as *Pindarus*) Let not then the stormie *Stones* of dire *Detraction* be throwne at me, if I in imitation of those worthy imitable *Authours* haue in *verse* composed *Hoc ἀμφισβητούμενον Religionis argumentum*, This often controuerted *Subiect* of *Religion*.

The most exquisitely learned *Interpreters* doe call the *Booke* of *Psalmes*, the most sacred fugred *Poeme* of Gods blessed *Spirit*; And they giue the reason why Almightie God would haue so excellent a *Treasure* of his *Church* to be contriued and contained in *verse*, *viz.* Οἷον δυσὶν τὸ δῶρον, that it might be as a *Bait* to allure and entice men to facile *obedience* thereunto. The same also is most manifest that Satan (as he is *Operum Dei* μιμητὴς the *Ape* of Gods *Actions*) was wont to enfold, wreathe and winde-vp in *Verse*, all his *Oracles* which in former ages he vsed to deliuer by his *Pythons* or *Sybils*, that by this meanes they might be the more pleasant and acceptable to those which enquired after them. I omit, that Saint *Paul* out of certaine Poets, as *Aratus*, *Menander* and *Epimenedes*,

quoted diuers *Teſtimonies* or *amplifications*, and not out of any other Heatheniſh *Authors*, as neere as I can obſerue in his *Epiſtles*.

Once alſo heretofore I my ſelfe compoſed a *Module* in *Latine-Verſe*, vnder the *Title* of *A Combate betweene the Fleſh and the Spirit*; or, *The Warfare of a Chriſtian Souldier. Of our holy Martyrs*; And of *The miſeries of this miſerable Life*; Since which time, I with *Nazianzen* Ἐγὼ δὲ ὁ Δαυὶδ τῷ Χριστῷ προσπίπτω ἱκέτης : haue caſt and proſtrated this my *Muſe* at my *Sauiours* feet, ſubmitting and addicting it wholly to his *ſeruice*, and to the ſetting forth of his pure *Doctrine*. And whileſt I read the elaborate *Labours* and *Diatribæ* of *Diuines*, and at intermiſſiue houres ruminated what I had read; with moſt feruent deſire and full delight, I forthwith put my ſelfe vpon a verſifying *Veine*, thereby (as well as I might) to ſtrengthen and aſſiſt my weake and vntruſty memorie.

The *Fruit* of this my *Labour* I humbly Deuote, Dedicate and Conſecrate to you (Right Honourable) whom I euer knew (ſince I euer knew any thing) moſt exquiſitely endued, and adorned, furniſht and accompliſht with all generous and ingenious *Vertues* and *Diſcipline*. Whence, the reaſon why his Maieſty made you his worthy *Principall Secretarie*, cannot be *Secretly* hidden, but moſt conſpicuouſly euident, to *me*, to all *others*: But by this *Poeme*, the *Proeme* of my principall intention is, ſincerely to lay downe a perpetuall *Pledge*, and merited *Memory* of my obſequious *obſeruance* of that great *Fauour* and *Courteſie*, wherewith your *Honour* hath euer graced and embraced mee: And of that firme *Faith*, which I heere endeuour to defend, and wherein I am moſt certainely aſſured, you are moſt confidently and immoueably ſettled.

But

But I truſt your Houourable *Courteſie* will conniue at and excuſe me, if (as I am *Acrior paulò* Ἀπηχέστερος, a ſomewhat ſharp and tart *Oppoſite* to the *Antichriſtian-Crew*) the ſyllables and ſentences in diuers places being tranſpoſed and alternated, I ſeeme to ſay & reiterate *one* and *the ſame* thing: Since that euen from my firſt vndertaking of *this Worke* thus once vndertaken, I vndertooke to diſplay and diſperſe the fragrant and odoriferous *Flowers* of various *Authors*, and not onely to write diuers things, but to write them diuers waies, and truely to depaint the power of *Popery* to be no leſſe ſumptuouſly *ſpacious*, than auariciouſly *Capacious*.

But aboue all, my *heart* hath eagerly exaſperated my *Hand* and ready *Pen* (to the vtmoſt of my power) to pull downe the intolerable and abominable *Pride* of *Rome*: whereby her Babylonicall *Biſhops* haue with the *Hornes* of their *Inſolency*, butted at the Princes of the Earth, ſhewing themſelues to be nothing elſe, indeed, than the firely *Sons* of *Saturne*, and an aſpiring *Off-ſpring* of robuſtious combuſtious *Phaetontine* haughty *Spirits*.

Neither ſhall the Reader finde heere any flouriſhing *veines* or *ſtraines* of painted *Poetry* and fabulous *Fictions*: My prime purpoſe, in the faſhioning and framing of this *Honey-Combe*, being, to furniſh it with a more beautifull *Cluſter* of *Theologie*, than a bountifull *Crop* of *Poeſie*.

Nor haue I been ambitiouſly buſie, to cite my *Authors Names* on the Margines: For, what I write, I write to thoſe, who (as Saint *Auguſtine* ſaies, are willing to reade, and wiſe to vnderſtand; and who together with mee, doe either *already know*, or *eaſily* may *know*, whatſoeuer I haue writ.

Finally, Heere, you haue neither a *few*, nor *all* matters touching the *Romish Religion*; Let whoso will, giue my *Booke* a *Bill* of *Diuorce*: But from your right Honourable *Humanity*, and Customary *Courtesie*, I vndoubtedly expect, and hope to find, *Fauour* for what I haue done, and *Pardon* for what I haue pretermitted and left vndone.

Your Honours most
duely deuoted,

GEORGE GOODVVINNE.

THE

THE TRANSLATOVR TO HIS TRVELY INGENVOVS and moſt ingenious Authour.

M^r.

G all'd-backed Babel, doſt thou kicke and winch,
E nrag'd with ſmart of Goodwinnes tart Balme-Plaſter:
O may it ſting thee ſtill, and pricke and pinch
R omes corrupt crue, and her moſt leprous Maſter!
G od (yet) giue grace, that Some may ſome Good-win,
E nlightned by Gods guide, to ſee Romes ſin.

G oodwinne did This, One ſpeciall end propound
O f his ſweet Satyres: And euen ſo doe I,
O f my meere Oaten-Pipes plaine ruſticke ſound,
D eriu'd (rare Goodwinne) from thy Melodie:
W herein poore Pan hath curious Orpheus found,
I nimitable in his Harmonie.
N eeds then (I ſay) muſt Mine be all the blame,
N ot Thine, if Romes Wilde-beaſts be not made tame:
E xcuſe, therefore (kinde Sir) what's miſ-committed,
Pardon, I pray (if ought be ill-omitted.)

Your moſt truely louing friend, I. V.

To the moſt Diſ-courteous *Momiſh Catholike*, whoſe greateſt *Grace* is a graceles gracious *Kiſſe* at his *Vn-holy Fathers Great-Toe*, Greeting.

ROmiſh Catholike, to Thee
This *I ſend*, *if* Bee *thou be*,
Or if Waſpe *or ſting-leſſe* Drone,
Or if humming Hornet *knowne*;
Herein, Thou *ſhalt* Flowers *find*,
Various *for thy* curious *mind*:
Whereon *thou maiſt ſuck thy fill*,
And with Romiſh Momiſh *skill*,
(*By thy* Honey-thighs, *to thriue*)
Garniſh, *furniſh* Romes Bee-Hiue.
Heere, *the* Pope, *thy* Maſter-Bee,
Chriſts Vice-gerent, *thou maiſt ſee*,
Peters Heyre-apparent *true*,
Claiming as his proper due,
Heau'n, Earth, Hell *and* Purgatory,
Farre tranſcending Them *in glory*:
To whoſe Keyes *and* Croſier-Staues
Kings *and* Keiſars muſt be *Slaues*:
And, all this, *for right and good*
Is, *ſeene heere*, *as* cleare *as* mud.

Heere *is ſhown, how* Thy *great* Father
Planted hath for Thee *to gather,*
Plants *which doe Chriſts* Plants *excell,*
Flowers *which haue more fragrant ſmell*
Than the Scriptures Killing-Letter,
Therefore making Honey *better,*
Whereby Romes *moſt ſacred* Hiue,
And ſweete Swarmes *full fatly thriue:*
Heere, *Thou* Henbane-Merit *haſt,*
Broad-way Flowers, here, *are plac't:*
Aſſe-Cucombers, Cats-tayle *tall,*
Wolues-claw, Gooſe-graſſe, *great & ſmall.*
Goat-Beard, Bucke-Beanes, Dragons-Blood,
Mad-hearbe, Cog-wort, *and* Popes-wood.
Penny-male, *and* Female *faire,*
Virgin-marke, *and* Maidens-haire.
As for Scriptures Hearbe-of-Grace,
Patience, Hearts-eaſe, Theſe, *as baſe,*
Hee *hath for thy ſake diſplac't,*
Leſt they ſhould offend thy taſte:
Or, if taſted, Him *diſpleaſe,*
And his totall Swarme *diſeaſe.*
Therefore, thoſe that moſt delight Thee,
Stand heere *ready to inuite* Thee.
Then, ſeeke, ſucke, what Thou *thinkſt beſt,*
And, to Honey-Combes *digeſt,*
What thou haſt ſo well collected,
And Fellifluouſly *confected:*
That, ſo, Thou, *and all the* Swarme
In your Hiue *may chaunt and charme.*
As for Mee, *the onely gaines*
I could wiſh for all my paines,

Is, that my best Helpe, *prest* Power,
Able were to teare the Tower
Of proud Babels *Master-Bee,*
Master of much Villanie;
Whose decay *and* downefall *dire,*
Truely, duely, Hee'l *desire,*

Who is a *hearty Ill-willer*
to the *im-pure hollownesse*
of his *im-pious Holinesse,*

IOHN VICARS.

IVDGEMENT

IVDGEMENT VPON HIS WIT.

IF e're *Translatour* did deserue a *Bayes*,
It is thy *full desert*, *nor full* thy *Prayse*.
They changed *sad-Inuention*, you, *briske Wit*
Formes and *Transformes*, vnto all *formes* of it,
Readring in *most*, the *straine*, in *all*, the *sense*:
The *Wits* will feare thy *sting*, and get them hence.
If any stay and *pish*, the *cause* is seene,
The *matter*, not *thy manner*, moves their spleene.
Blood-ruddie Rome, thou hast drawne much Saints blood:
This hath drawne *Thine*, pray God it does thee good.
If this faile with the rest, th'art *desp'rate*, sure,
No *Balme*, for *Babel*, nought that *Where* can cure.
You haue my *Censure*, had you Romes *Censores* too,
They could be but as *I* am, *All for you.*

THOMAS SALISBVRY
Bath. in Diuinitie.

The Argument of the Poeme.

ONce, *Satan* hatch't an *Egge*, full of foule *Hope*,
Whose *Birth*, by *Fraud* and *Pride* became a *Pope*:
How fondly men breake *Serpents Egges?* Romes pride
Dos't to their hand, and giues a *Pope* beside.

Another.

The *Popes* great *Pride* and *Pompe Emperiall*,
Did make him *Head*, will make him *head-long* fall.

Against Papall Supremacie.

Romes *High-Priest*, late, like *Sol*, aloft did shine,
Like *falling Starre*, now *droops*, *drops*, feares his fall;
His *patent* Rule, by *potent* Wrath diuine,
Now, turnes to *Ashes*, late a *Cedar* tall.

Another.

As *encreast*, *decreast* is the Popes great *power*:
And Rome, which *flourisht*, *fades*, now, like a flower.

A Briefe of the Romish Religion.

Of all *Summes*, here's the *Summary*, chiefe *Summe*;
That vnderneath the Popes *Rule*, Faiths *Rule* come.

The Satyres of this Booke.

1 OF the Popes Supremacie.
2 Of the Authoritie of the Pope of Rome.
3 Of the Interpretation of the Scriptures.
4 Of the false Doctrine of the Church of Rome.
5 Of the blasphemous fiction of Merits, and Workes of Supererogation, &c.
6 Of the fond fiction of Transubstantiation.
7 Of the corrupt conditions and wicked liuing in the Citie of Rome.
8 Of the couetous buying and selling of all things vnder the Popes power and iurisdiction.
9 Of the most formidable and abominable Powder-plot by Papists; with their horrible-authorized libertie to perpetrate any villany.
10 Of the holy Reliques, Traditions, and other admirable Inuentions of the Church of Rome.

OF

The Sacryres of this Boole.

1 O The Paper Sprereneie.
2 Of the Adjeraria of the Pope of Rome.
3 Of the interpretation of the Scriptures.
4 Of the filly Doctrine of the Church of Rome.
5 Of the blasphemous fiction of Oracles, and Miracles of Sa-
tans Synagog, &c.
6 Of the Spiritual Tyranny of Antichrist.
7 Of the corrupt conditions and wicked living in the Cuia of
Rome.
8 Of the contrary living and Doctrine of all things under the
Papacy and Inquisition.
9 Of the most formidable and detestable Tyranny-plots by
Papists, with their horrible and damnable Practises to per-
secute any willing.
10 Of the holy Reformers, Traditions, and other admirable
Instructions of the Church of Rome.

OF

OF

THE POPES SVPREMACY.

THE FIRST SATYRE.

THE ARGVMENT.

Rome ſtriues, contriues, how Popes may vncontrold,
Solely and wholly, Keyes, Crownes, Scepters hold.

ROME, the Worlds *wonder*, *Stage* of *Mitred Bands*,
Hath Papall *Power* of *Empire* in hir *Hands*:
For, heere, the Pope ſucceeds in *Peters Right*;
Which is as cleere at *Noone*, as 'tis at *Night*.
The *High-Prieſts Chaire*, heere, *Peter* placed hath;
But, *thin*, (me thinkes,) ſmels more of *Fame* than *Faith*.
Heere, on a ſeuen-fold *Beaſt*, the treble *Beaſt*,
With *triple-Crowne* doth ride, each ſolemne *Feaſt*.
Yea, heere, the Babyloniſh *Band* moſt fine,
A Scarlet *Godhead*, with rich Iewwes doth ſhine.

Fie, fie, poore *Peter*, and penurious *Paul*,
Doe ye not blush presumptuously to call
Your selues the Popes great *Grand-sires*? y'are to blame,
That you thus thinke his *Holinesse* to shame.
Alas, y'are *Both* deceiu'd, his Papall *Throne*
Buds, blowes, and blossomes, bigge and broad is growne;
Your *Slaue* of *Slaues*, is now a *Lard* of *Lords*,
The *best* of *Men* no *equall Him* affords.
Logicke lacks Phrases to define your Pope,
He must haue more then Categories scope;
Hee's yet not *found*, can *find*, or firmely say,
What, How, How great's the Pope and Papall sway.
Romes power's distinct, from other powers all,
Of all Powers else, *Romes* hath no Generall.
The *Pope* is peereless, *Rome* knowes none more Royall;
This, Realmes, *He* Men, surmounts past all deniall.
See heere Gods Steward, Heau'ns Controuler great,
Blowne bigge with Badges, swel'd with supreme Seate.
Stately he *stalkes* and *walkes*; his Blasphemies
Fill Heau'n and Earth, and his mad Pride implies.
This monstrous Monarch, Tetrach terrible,
Is his Flocks *Wonder*, *Thunder* horrible.
Religion brought forth Riches, this rich Daughter,
Repaies her *Dam*, with *Death*, not long time after.
All *Sacred* things their *Sacred* Pope's aboue;
To Him nought's *Sacred*, but Golds *Sacred* loue.
Peter, t' *exceede*, more than *succeed*, he ioyes:
Tenths of his *Honour*, none (almost) enioyes.
His *Sea's* a *Sea* of Wealth: But let me chuse
A Man to *grace* his *place*; This, Popes refuse.
And why alone to *Peter's* this Charge giuen?
Why are the Rest from *State* and Office driuen?

In *Paul*, not *any*, *many* ſpots in *Peter*
We find; why then, for *Paul* was't not much meeter?
At leaſt, Saint *Iohn*, whom Chriſt eſteemed Beſt,
Ought to be priz'd, preferr'd before the Reſt.
Yet *Peter* ne're was deckt with Iems and Gold;
Was no *Key-keeper*, no *Sword-bearer* bold,
Rode not with *Strappes* and *Trappes*, in Scarlet Gownes;
Not dawb'd with Pearles, or Princely golden Crownes.
Peter, *Colleague-ſhip* with the Prieſts deſires;
The Pope, to be the *Prince* of Prieſts aſpires.
Peter was ne're attir'd Centurion-like;
Peters Succeſſor, oft times, Cæſar-like.
Meekeneſſe gaue to Saint *Peter* Primacy;
An humble mind was his Priority.
Peter a *Fiſher*, *Peters* Impe a *Fighter*;
A *Stone* was *Peters Throne*, the Heau'ns his Mitre.
And what was *Paul*, euen equall to the beſt;
Greater than he, not any of the reſt.
Yet he for Chriſts ſake, ioyes in bonds and blowes:
Ergô, the Pope is greater than *Both Thoſe*.
Chriſt of a Heauenly, not an earthly *Throne*,
Had the Fee-ſimple; Peter, *other*, *None*.
If Chriſt had heere no Kingdome, how ſhould Hee
Place *Peter*, where *Himſelfe* would neuer be?
And is't not ſtrange, Heau'ns Kingdomes Key ſhould ope
The doores of Earthly Kingdomes to the Pope?
He which ſo groſſely *guls*, *beguiles* each Nation,
Beſots himſelfe with Reaſons depriuation.
Alas, fond Flaſh, ô earthly glory ſhallow!
What *wry-waies*, *by-waies* tak'ſt thou, Chriſt to follow?
Alas, they void not Chriſts, but Worlds offence;
Which *vſe* to *chuſe* ſuch carnall ſottiſh Sence.

What Christ *prescribes*, That Anti-Christ *proscribes*;
Is't like, that Christ this Function him *ascribes?*
What *Right* of *Title*, *Titles-Right* is there,
Where nought, but *Shew* of *Title* doth appeare?
As Spend-thrifts boast of *Title*, *All* being gone;
So, in subſtantiate *Shades* Popes build vpon.
He *faineth* Christ, but *followes* Satan ſtill;
Serues God in *Words*, denies him in his *Will*.
Th'Apoſtate Prieſt ſits oft in *Peters* Chaire;
Whom to call *Pope*, not *Pius*, we may dare.
As *Polypus* ſticks to each Rocke of's ſhape;
And by that craft, few fiſh his lawes doe ſcape:
So, *forging*, *fayning*, *Peter*, Christ, Faiths Rocke,
His *Pſeudo*-founded Faith th'vnwiſe doth mocke.
The *Ground-worke's* hid, the top is ſeene to all;
To what *end tend* theſe wiles Pontificall?
The reaſon's plaine, and *Pluto's* paths lye ope;
What of this falſe *Profeſſion* is the Scope?
Now then behold the *Popes* Monarchike might;
Which, Hee, by Chriſts allowance claimes as Right.
This Heau'nly *Vice-roy*, *Peters* proper Heire;
Chriſts office holds, *ſits*, *ſhines* in *Peters* Chaire.
The ſupreme Biſhop *aweleſſe*, *lawleſſe* quite,
An Earthly god, a *two-leg'd* monſtrous Wight;
Beyond all *Beings*, great beyond Relation;
The Court, the Church, he rules by vſurpation.
Wheth'r *Anti-Chriſt*, *Leſſe-Chriſt*, or *Other-Chriſt*;
With *Chriſt*, his Rule, by right, muſt needs be high'ſt.
In, *vnder*, *For* Chriſt, all Power *heere*, in *Heau'n*;
To this Key-keeper, Rockey Father's giuen.
* *Stapleton.* Thus writ that Faith-leſſe frantike * Fauourite,
Vnfit (great Iewell) for thy oppoſite.

And

And why may not the Pope, as worthy, claime
The honour due to great *Iehouah's* Name?
Why maist not call him Iupiter, Earth's Thunder,
Yea *Elohim?* the Worlds great God of Wonder?
Vnto the * *Mount* (that *Mounte-banke* saies plaine) * *The Pope.*
I lift mine Eyes which doth my state sustaine.
That all the World must bow to th' Pope of Rome,
Who e're beleeues not, he to hell doth doome.
As at a becke, the Lord of heauen rules All:
So, here, his Sheepe, the Pope hath at a call.
This Priestly *Pilot*, (for, the Church, 'tis knowne,
Is like a *Ship*) Christs *Ship* can rule alone.
He which the Popes pipe knowes not perfectly,
Is none of this great Shepheards Sheepe surely.
Others Rule's *finite*; his is *infinite*:
Theirs, but a *Beame* of his All-supreme *Light*.
His patent Prouince both for *Grace* and *Place*,
Specious and *spacious*, bowes before his face.
As with huge Waues, the Sea, small dewes doth sup:
So his great *Power*, *lesse Powers deuoures, drinks vp.*
Therefore He in submission, to him holds,
Captaines, Commanders, Shepheards, Sheepe, Sheepe-folds.
He's *poore*, can *count* his *flockes*: this Shepheard great, *Pauperis est numerare pecus.*
Hath farre moe *Sheepe*, than *foode* for them to eate.
Councels and sacred *Synods* he excels;
An hyperbolicke-Priest in Gods house dwels.
This Romish *Briareus*; *Hydra* fell,
For *Hands* and *Head*, to rule, doth all excell.
To th' *Councell*, this *Cosmopolite* once came,
A *Iudge*, a *Partie*, *Guiltie*, *One*, the *Same*.
But what need Councels, when their Pope *Diuine*
Can all *Diuine* Decrees, *finely define*?

O yes; by *Councels*, is the right way knowne,
To *Him* which hath ſound iudgements praiſe alone.
Euen *He* alone, which without Councels aid,
Remoues Faiths *Rubs*, and *Wrackes*, by doubts diſplaid.
To *Peters* chaire *Errour* can *ne're* come *neere*;
Which, that the Pope enioyes, doth plaine appeare.
He may *doe-ill*, not *Erre*, in any caſe:
If once He ſit in that *All-prying* Place.
If *Baalam*, *Caiaphas*, *Right* did Prophetize:
Why may not wicked Popes doe ſo likewiſe?
Yea though they *Pilate*, *Iudas* baſe, tranſcend:
Yet may a traiterous Pope, be *Faiths* good *Friend*.
He ſweares to *Lies*, by *Lying* oft deceiues:
Yet, his looſe tongue to Faith ſtickes-faſt and cleaues.
Let *Alexander*, *Iulius*, witneſſe beare:
Whoſe *fained* Faith, *firm'd* and *infringed* were;
Who got the Popedome *Foxe-like*, craftily;
Reign'd like a *Lion*, like a *Dogge* did die.
He that Chriſts *Court* and *Sheepe-cote* thus doth gaine,
Is not a *Friend*, but *Fiend*; no *Balme*, but *Bane*.
That *Swines-ſnout*, *Sergius*, *Sergeant* of the deuill;
Was to his Chaire a *Scoffe*, a *Scurffe* moſt euill.
Pius the fifth, *Im-pius*, *within*, *without*,
How 'gainſt *Eliza*, ſhot he darts, about?
Vrbane the third, a *Bane*, *A-bad-one*, right;
Strange Popiſh chaos caus'd by furious fight.
That *Brand* of *Hell*, foule *Heldebrand* alſo:
With what mad miſchiefes did he ouerflow?
Chriſt chain'd vp Satan, but thy Potentate,
O Rome, doth let him looſe to deuorate.
That Chriſt Church then, may flouriſh, firmely ſtand,
'Tis time the Pope were puld downe out of hand.

O how this *Prelate* differs from that *Prince*,
Which was both *poore* and *pure* in Innocence!
Surely this Worlds Arch-Metropolitan,
Seekes somewhat more then Christ, not knowne to man.
For, Christ to be Faiths head, when was it read?
Yet this *Arch-father* must be faiths *Arch-head*.
And *Tortus* with his *Torture* hath so fram'd,
That Christ is *great*, the Pope is *greatest*, nam'd.
His *Maſticke* and *Stigmaticke*-Slaues doe dare,
To giue the Pope, what *ere* be *ne're* so rare.
Moſt-holy, *Great'ſt*, *Supreme*, Superlatiues,
Are the Popes due, and not plaine Poſitiues.
Great *Alexander*, *Pompey*, *Charles* the Great:
But he's *moſt-Mightie*, h'as the *Greateſt* ſeate.
Christ prayes to God, and ſayes, *O holy-Father*:
To th'Pope, his Shauelings ſay, *Moſt-Holy*, rather.
We muſt not mint theſe termes, or vſe leſſe phraſes:
Diminitiues deduct from his high praiſes.
Of *Peters Titles* is not loſt a *tittle*,
Nor from the Popes praiſe wanteth the leaſt little.
Romes Monkiſh-mad-men crouch vpon their knee,
To kiſſe his *Seate*, his *Feet*, for ſo 't muſt be.
Thus not the *Prime*, but *Supreme Power* is ſought,
And vnto God he's almoſt equall thought.
For he that Popes rare *Titles* rightly prizeth.
Holds him *Almightie*, when to th' chaire he riſeth.
This loftie *Lenite* holds, iniuriouſly,
The *piller*, *prop*, of Princely Soueraignitie.
Iudge of all *Iudges*, is this *Druidge* of *Druidges*:
Which, who denies, to fire, away he trudges.
So *vile*, ſo *ſeruile* is the yoke, alas,
Which this *loth-head* makes ore *Kings heads* to paſſe.

And why? the Pope is *Pastor*, Kings are *Sheepe*;
Is't not He then, must them in order keepe?
But when Christ left his Sheepe to *Peter*, pray,
Tell me, *Feed thine*, or *my sheepe*, did he say?
But, Kings are said to feed; which, being so,
How then the Pope is not a* *Sheepe*, I'd know?
And did Christs comming Kings *right* terminate?
Vsde he his *power* Kings *power* to lacerate?
Alas, if Romes High-Priest so potent were:
On a small *thred* Kings *Hopes* would hang, I feare.
If *Crownes* to *Crosier-Staues* should subiect be,
By fatall date their falls we soone might see.
What haue Kings done, what angry God displeas'd,
To be of *Power*, by Papall *power* eas'd?
But what's the *Pope* to th' *Prince*? *Crosse-Caps* to *Crownes*?
Are *Swords* for *Peter*? *Scepters* fit for Clownes?
Haue Popes a *Ladder*, than Kings Thrones more high?
Or rather, reaching Hells profundity?
Not poore-mens *gaine*, but Princely *Raigne* hee scrapes:
And,* *Eagle-like*, at *Flyes* he neuer gapes.
Kings from their Crownes, for Heresie he driues:
Pesants may scape in body, goods, and liues.
This Mitred *Molech*, Priestly *Dagon* stout,
Satan for's *Basshaw*, *Champion*, hath pickt out.
Wearing by's side a gallant *Bilbo-blade*;
And not with *Words*, but *Swords*, doth soone perswade.
Is this to preach, and people poore to teach?
O, no, in's head Hee hath a further reach,
Namely, to cut downe *Leban Cedars* tall;
To fell high Oakes, and cause bright Starres to fall.
Not *Iupiter-Capitoline*, alone,
But *Mars Capitoline* Hee must be knowne.

* *No, for he is a Wolfe in a Sheepes coat.*

* *Aquila non capit Muscas.*

When

When this great *Padagogue* of Princes, ſhakes
His ſcourging Rod, Kingdomes to quake he makes.
Who, if he forge, *Paul*, *Peter*, Tyrants vilde:
His *Brow* is *Braſſe*, he hath his *Faith* defilde.
Thy Subſtitute (O Chriſt) which *Thine* exceeds,
Them often with much *dread*, no *doctrine* feeds.
His *Power's* a *Paſture* to mens ſoules moſt bitter:
His flockes to *kill*, then well to *fill*, much fitter.
Chriſt had his *Vnction*: he *combuſtion fire*:
Chriſt mildely *heales*: he *beales* mens wounds moſt dire.
O Spouſe of God, thy *Corne*, is *Cockle* growne:
When thy *Houſe-keeper* will be *Keiſar* knowne.
He ſits not idle which i'th' chaire doth ſit:
Yet hath for's *flocke* no *food*, *affection* fit.
The *ſcope* of's *hope* is ſtill to keepe downe Kings:
Saue this, impertinent he holds all things.
Thus all his vaſſals from aloft he ſpies:
His Myrmidons, his Waſpes, his Butter-flies.
He ore-lookes all where ſ'ere, from top to toe:
Puls downe the talleſt Mounts, and laies them low.
And that al this is good, the reaſon's plaine:
Drawne from example, with all might and maine.
Bees, Maſters haue: *Cranes* Guides: Bell-weathers, *Sheepe*:
Theſe proue that Popes may all men vnder-keepe.
And by this Art, this Worlds Arch-Primate may
Typhæus-like, o're Kings and Clergie ſway.
But faine I would the Popes great Myrer doffe:
And with's owne Sword *Goliahs* head ſmite off.
Why ſhould not *one* King ouer *all* Kings raigne?
A Head of heads, a Guide of guides moſt plaine.
Why is thy head (Chriſt) ſpectable to all?
When as thy Kingdome is *Spirituall*.

Alas, the *Clergies* ſwelling *Tympany*
Of *Pride*, gaue God this monſtrous Emperie,
That two croſſe-heads of one ſet kingdome be,
This ſet in Heauen, that (Earth) ſet ouer thee.
A Gulfe's betweene theſe Heads, agree ne're ſhall:
God's ſp'rituall head, the Popes materiall.
Chriſts Kingdome is ith'world *inuiſible*:
Admits no head, *officiall*, *ſenſible*:
Ne'redid Chriſts Spouſe, two heads, two husbands know:
Chriſt onely her deere pheere, the Church doth owe.
If Anti-Chriſt (pray tell me) ſhould be mad,
Could Chriſt be ioyn'd to ſuch a head, ſo bad?
Againe, Chriſt left his Church much *Goods*, moſt good:
(Th'are ſo indeed, ſince purchaſt with his blood)
If Chriſt, his Church ſo rich a dowrie gaue; (haue?
From thee (proud Pope) what new-found wealth may't
Art thou the Churches *Head? Heart*, *Corps*, and *all*,
(Which were blaſphemous) then we might thee call.
And if the Pope were Head, the Church would be
Headleſſe, like *Dagon*, in Popes Vacancie.
Now, as the *Body*, with the *Head* doth die:
The *Pope* once dead, the *Flocke* muſt liueleſſe lie.
Which is not ſo in Chriſt, who though once dead;
Yet then did liue, as our *ſpirituall head*.
See then *ambitious* vilely *vicious* Pope:
The ruine of thy *iarres*, thy *warres*, thy hope.
And yet this great *Anteus* of proud Rome,
Doth ſtoutly from his *fals newforce* reſume.
With Wit *argute*, will quicke *diſpute*, and ſpit,
At *Right*, and *Reaſon*, and all *Rules* of it. (Head?
Thus Rome; Are *Prieſts* held *Heads?* the *Pope* Prieſts
May not then Popes the *Heads* of *Heads* be ſed?

This

This ſhallow *Reaſon reaſonleſſe* and wrong,
Proues not chiefe Power to Popes, for to belong.
Can *any Paſtor* be *all Paſtors* chiefe?
(But Chriſt alone) to giue his Church reliefe?
On *whom* ſo great doth Romes great *Head* ſubſiſt?
What *one head* can ſo many *heads* aſſiſt?
O fond befooling of mens fantaſie:
To ſhape, to ſet vp ſuch a prodigie.
For, 'tis *aboue*, *beyond*, *gainſt*, deepe conceit,
Of *all* mens heads to make *one* head ſo great.
And it may be (nor is this may be vaine)
This groſſe-head doth much ſwelling ſores containe.
That part's *enorme* doth not *conforme* to th'reſt:
And can the *ſound* the *ſicke* part well digeſt?
So when *weake frames* by *rotten props* are ſtaid,
Theſe being *crackt*, the worke is *wracks*, decaid.
O worke vnworthy, worthy hatred ſtill! (will.
Than which there's nought more croſſe to Gods bleſt
O *Peters* lawleſſe heire, Chriſts counterfeit!
Full of Satanicke iugling, ſlie deceit.
O hideous, heinous Monſter, blinde, miſhapen;
In *Gods* Church, as *God*, for *God*, oft miſtaken.
What *helpe* can this baſe *helpleſſe* Man of Sinne,
Thy deadly foe (O Chriſt) to thee bring in?
What is a *Waue* to th'*Sea*; to th'*Wood*, one *Tree*?
A *Torch*, to th'*Sunne*, Mans helpe, O God to thee?
He which would thus Chriſts *loue* and *labour* miniſh:
Doth but a *Worke* of ſcoffe and laughter finiſh.
This botching Biſhop, Romiſh prodigall;
Makes either *Toyes*, or *naught*, or *nought* at all.
And I much maruell, all the World throughout,
Bring not their aide, to bring this worke about.

A vseleſſe *Key*, on's *Head* a treble *Twiſt*;
A formall *Crooke*, fatall, officious *Fiſt*:
Theſe are Romes high Prieſts moſt peculiar Signes;
To theſe rare Workes himſelfe he moſt enclines.
Alas, his Brow is *Braſſe*, *Marble* his Minde;
Which, to Chriſts Body, thinkes this head's not ioyn'd.
For to this high-topt *Towre* of Babels throne,
The Churches *Guide*, Gods *Guard*, are linkt in one.
Apocal. 5. 6. Great *Lambe* of God, enlightning ſeuen *Lamps* bright:
What need haſt thou of any new-found light?
O Chriſt, thy Kingdome of this world is not;
Satan, this Worlds great Soueraignty hath got:
Which, being ſo, this Romiſh Ghoſtly Father,
May be the diu'ls, than Chriſts head, much the rather.
Is *Pluto* prince, doth he a *Vicar* need?
Thou then, proud Pope, maiſt fitly him ſucceed.
How oft (O Rome) haſt thou thy *Head* expeld?
How many *Heads*, at once, hath thy chaire held?
How oft with broiles hath thy falſe *Church* beene rent?
By *double*, *treble Heads* moſt turbulent.
Oft had thy Church, in *Wombe*, ſeditious *Seed*:
Which Anti-Popes and Pſeudo-Popes did breed.
Oft hath *Ambitious Horſe* his *Rider* caſt:
And broke his necke, riding to th' *chaire* too faſt.
And their *Succeſſion*, whereof they ſo glory,
Quite *worne*, quite *torne*, witneſſe authentique Story.
So many mightie *Battailes* haue beene bred,
'Bout Supreme *Seate* and *Titles* of *chiefe-Head*.
Mad-brain'd *Ambition*, *Titius* enuious heart:
Being cauſe of much deceit and deadly ſmart.
The Prelates pompe, by too great growth decaid:
And *Pride* and *Plentie* their owne graues haue made.

Christ then, our great chiefe Pastor, holds both these:
Contention *theirs*, *Ours* not Christs Coate of Peace.
Heere *Concord* hath her Temples fixed station;
One *Heart*, one *Faith*, one *Path*, and one *Salvation*.
O! What a *Head* did then Christs Temple guide?
When a faire *Popesse* did i'th' *Chaire* reside?
When falsely termed *Iohn*, indeed, Pope *Ioane*,
By her foule *Birth*, true *Whore* of *Rome* was knowne?
Shee was indeed *Romes Bishoppesse*, not *Head*:
And, of her *Flocke*, the *Taile*, the shame, and dread.
Thus *Romes* rare Prelates were not *Fathers*, all:
This one, we may their *Ghostly Mother* call.
O ominous portent, ô horrid *Signe*!
Surely, that day vncloudy did not shine.
What? could a *Woman*, *Whore*, the *Chaire* inherit?
* *Androginus* might it more iustly merit. * *Androgini, populi, utrisque Natura.*
But (first it may be) *She* a *Man* was knowne:
But chang'd her *Sex*, and was a *Woman* growne:
For, thus writ * *Cope*, scarce copious in capacity, * *Dialogo 10. pag. 47.*
Whose wit herein, saiour'd of much Fooleacity.
This, this was that Ecliptick Line, once gliding,
Betweene *Romes* Skie, and Popish Zodiacke biding.
But yet a *Whore* (the *Salick Law* well held)
Should from the *Chaire*, at least, haue bin expell'd.
I know, *Rome* holds this *fact*, a faigned Lye:
Though faithfull Authors doe it iustifie.
But, now, that neuer *Famale Popes* may raigne,
Their *Manhood*, first, by fruitfull *Signes* is plaine.
But tell me this, Ghostly *Gargantua*;
Is Christ thy *Head*? He is (no doubt) thou'lt say:
Sufficeth thee, this *Head*? Yes. Well, why then,
As well as *thee*, not *Mee*, and other *Men*?

If any rouing *Reason* fauours Thee,
Or fits thy Foe; why may't not ſtand for mee?
Silenus and his *drunken Droues* heere ſtagger:
This cunning *Crafts-man* muſt with *Reaſon* ſwagger.
Wherefore, hence-forth this triple-crowned Deity,
Shall ere, be held a *Pſeudo*-Popiſh *Monarchy*.
The Capitall great *Logger-head* of all,
Traſcendent *Head*, huge, right *Pontificall*;
Or els a *Heape* of Heads, a *Chaos* rude:
Such *Head*, ſuch *heape*, nor *wit*, nor *writ*, ere ſhew'd.
The Rule that May-tide Lords of Miſ-rule finde,
Such Lord, ſuch Lawes let be to Rome aſſign'd.
If of Chriſts *Body* Popes bee *Head*; by right,
They may, as well, be *Health*, *Heart*, *Life*, *Light*, *Sight*.
But if no other *Baſis* can be laid:
No other *Head* may heere on Earth be made.
Well, pur-blind *Bayard*, one day thou ſhalt raigne:
And headleſſe, *Dagon*-like, thy Blinde maintaine.
When all Sun-ſhunning *Owles*, *one* huge *Head* haue;
Thou ſhalt be then, the Worlds *Block-head* moſt braue.
But, in all ancient Fathers, ne're was read,
That of Chriſts Body any *Prieſt* was *Head*:
Chriſt left his Church, true Treaſure to enioy:
What wealth did Chriſt to the Popes vſe employ?
Three *Creedes* the priſtine Fathers left behind:
In none of them, Popes *ſupreme power* we find.
Nor ere did they which did our *Creedes* indite,
Of Apoſtolique *Proto*-Popes ought write.
Surely, the Popes *Prerogatiues* moſt high,
They neuer ſaw, or ſeene, ſham'd to deſcry.
Hee, then; which hath bin *Head*, of's Iay-like pride,
Shall be made bare, the world ſhall him deride.

Prize

Prize not, fond Foole, thy *Torch* aboue *Sols* light:
Ther's no such need of Popes Vicegerent might.
What ere is Chiefe, is *Head*, *Heads* Riuals hate:
One *Head*, cannot *Another* tolerate.
This *Fable* then of *Peters Power*, thus failes;
Which, with Saint *Peters Chaire*, are *old-Wives*, tales.

OF THE AVTHORITY OF THE POPE OF ROME.

THE SECOND SATYRE.

The ARGVMENT.

Heauen is hemm'd in; Seaes Waues haue Walls, a Bound;
But, the Popes Power hath no Encloſure found.

OF all the World Romes Pope is Preſident:
Hee rules the *Reines* of rouing *Regiment*.
All *Power* to Popes (witneſſe a Pope) is giuen;
Of *right*, of *wrong*, on *Earth*, in *Hell*, in *Heauen*.
Hee *giues*, hee *takes*, *makes* rich, *makes* poore, high, low:
Makes vowes, *breaks* vowes, makes bloody battailes grow.
Hee's Frantick, frets, *Mars*-like moleſteth all:
With *two two-edged Swords*, doth fight and brawle.
Yet, this prodigious Prieſt does all by Law:
All well, for why? he *Errour* neuer ſaw.
Hee'le *turne*, *turne backe*, *turne topſie*-turuie quite;
And yet can ne're doe ought but iuſt and right.
And this high-Prieſt may, with due Worthineſſe,
Call the whole world his proper *Dioceſſe*.

* *Ouid*

* *Ouid* hath this *Dogmatically* shownе; * *Fastorum lib. 2.*
The *World*, and Romes *large Reach* are both but one.
Hee's out of Natures Fold, Hee's *Hee-Alone*:
Colleague or Legall-Rites, the *Pope* knowes none.
Hee, Hee's the Worlds Prince, *Prelate*, high'st aboue all:
Rapt vp ith' Clouds, of *Starres* the principall.
This Priestly *Turret*, Apostolique Head,
Can (vnder Christ) by none be equalled.
Thus *Romes* proud *Chaire* or *takes*, or *makes* Elated:
With such strange pride *Romes Titan* is sufflated.
Pleasing things, *pious*; *impious* must bee,
What ere *displease*, this is the Popes *Decree*.
His Thunder, *Earth*; His Furies fright euen *Hell*:
Except what-ere he doth, you deeme done well.
His Lawlesse Kings vnder his Lawes to thrall,
Is his *Great*, *greater*, *greatest* worke of all.
This large Law-*Giuer*, *Guider*, Rights Vmpire;
But what is iust, can nought affect, desire.
If Land to Sea he ioyne, and Sea to Land:
What *Caiaphas* cals Right, for right must stand.
He builds, vnbuilds, plaies fast and loose with Law:
And who *complaines*, he soone *restraines* with Awe.
Lo, to the World the Pope (VVorlds Sol, most bright)
Is come; *yet men loue Darknesse more than Light*.
Surely, not hee, to *Peters* pompe which hies,
Creates a *Pope*; but which *Popes* Deifies.
Hee's th'only Man, which *nobly*, *notably*,
Himselfe before All Men can magnifie.
Hee may be said, and with the finger shownе,
Conspicuous Christ, Visible God alone.
Hee hath, and must haue, wealth, far more than Kings:
For why? Romes *Chaire* must want no needfull things.

Hee muſt haue Kings their *Scepters* to lay downe;
And from his *Feete* to fetch their regall Crowne.
And reaſon good, to *Miters*, *Crownes* ſhould creepe:
The *Miter*, not the *Crowne*, makes Prieſts for Sheepe.
He hath thoſe firme *Foundations* of Romes *See*:
Which *Peter* held, and by God ſettled bee.
Hee of all Kingdomes hath the ſupreme Grace:
And hee (O Chriſt) holds, heere, thy *ſtead* and *Place*.
Hee muſt not onely bee, of Councels, *Head*;
But he alone would bee in Councels *ſtead*.
Hee can of Scriptures raine downe ſhowers thicke:
That at his words Heretikes periſh quicke.
'Tis no great fault if he falſe Latine ſpeake.
And with * *Fiatur*, Priſcians head doe breake.
Hee which dares ſay, this Lawier's not beſt able
To cleere all doubts; muſt be held execrable.
Though hee (moſt blockiſh) faile ith' *Premiſes*,
Yet iuſtly he concludes all buſineſſes.
If he the right-hand call the left; Night, Day;
Thou muſt not dare his Holineſſe gaine-ſay:
This is that great *Ring-leader* to the *Reſt*;
Whoſe *Steps* to tread, his *Biſhops* muſt be preſt.
Thy guilt, is grieuous, groſſe, abominable,
If what he doth, thou deeme not warrantable.
Hee can, as eaſ'ly, from his thundring Throne,
Spoile Hereticks, as Nut-ſhells with a Stone:
Harke, Heretike, which ſcorn'ſt *Romes* Sacrifices:
Burne, Heretike, which ſtop'ſt Popes Enterpriſes.
Hee ſcornes a *Iudge* to plead in his Defence:
Hee's *Holier*, *Higher*, than the higheſt offence.
All muſt to him be bare, and bend the knee;
But he to none, of ne're ſo high degreee.

*For Fiat. Iulius the 2.

Since

Since hee hath power *All* to proſcribe, indite:
Spare the Popes *Crimes*; you which of *Times* doe write.
To th' *Buyer* nought's more *deare*, more *deere* Reliefe:
Than *His* in *Wax*, in *Lead*, ith' *Bull* and *Briefe*.
Fit Fellows for him, are th' *Arch-Angels* bright:
Namely, good *Michael*, ſoueraigne *Gabriels* might.
His onely *Luſt* is *Law* moſt *iuſt* and pure;
All right made gainſt him, hee'l by right abiure.
Without, *aboue*, cleane *contrary* to Right:
His *Canons* hold, all things are in his might.
Others may *plead*, *Hee* Lawes *preſcribes*, alone;
Euen hee which hath the prime Pontifick Throne.
Within a Shell thou maiſt the Sea containe:
As ſoone as Popes rights within Bounds reſtraine.
If (as a wild-Beaſt) *Hee* the *Hunter* feare:
Hee can moſt nimbly skip and ſcape his Speare.
Power, makes his paſſage, Lawes braſſe *barres* he breakes.
And who is he that 'gainſt Popes pleaſure ſpeakes?
Hear'ſt thou, **Salmonean* Tarpey's thunder crack? * *Superbum Principum Typum.*
Bee *ſtill*, quicke doe Romes *Will*, or feare thy wracke.
Doth weake wrath flow from *Encelade* alone?
Are Leaden *Bulls* as flying *Gulls* now knowne?
Diuels Diſh, Wraths Child, Hells fuell, thou art ſtraight,
If thou once dare the Pope to irritate.
This halfe-God-Prieſt, Corporeall Deity:
Steward, Sub-Iuſtice of Iehouah high:
Earth's Mitred *Atlas*, paſſing mans condition;
Indocible in Limits of his Dition.
Symbolick-Chriſt, *Bar-Iona's* Sonne notorious;
Chriſts God-head hath; with *Peters* pompe is glorious.
Nay more; this *Beſſe-Chriſt*, more than Chriſt will haue;
Than *Peter*, *Petty-Peter's* farre more braue.

Christ *hid himselfe*, when Men, Him King would make:
The Pope by *fraud* and *force* doth Kingdomes take.
Christ, on a *Colt*, rode; but Vice-Christ must bee
On great-Mens *shoulders* borne, that *All* may see. (Christ)
* *Satan.* The * *Prince* oth' World, Worlds pompe, shew'd thee (O
Which thou didst shun; So doth not Anti-Christ.
O Christ, thy Kingdome of this World is not:
But thy *House-holder* holds this World, his Lot.
Christ giues Gifts, *gratis*; *gratis*, so, gines Hee:
But 'tis to Gratefull, greater gifts to see.
Christ, Harlots *gifts* ith' Temple would not haue:
The Pope with *such*, fils vp his *Bags* most braue.
Christ purg'd his Temple of all things, there sold:
The Pope, ith' Temple, buyes and sells for Gold.
And who now doubts, (but the whole world perchance)
That Christ did this great Chapman thus aduance?
This Slaue of Slaues, glistring in Gold most bright;
With's thick, quick Lightnings, doth Gods Flocke affright;
This Priests *Goliah*; *Nabuchadnezzers*
Fulminous Flame, his shiu'ring Sheepe much feares.
Christ, sure, his Sheepe with such Hornes did not arme;
But made them *milde*, no beare; not *Strong*, to *harme*.
Say; Is the Pope a *Prince* of Peace? nay rather,
Hee is Warres-Worker, mouer, onely Father.
Worlds *Floods* Hee *Kindles*, in Muddy Waters, best,
Romes wilie *Weeles* catch Fish, too manifest.
Thus, this Great Bishop Kingdomes doth annoy:
Thus supreme Rule he holds fast, doth enioy.
Holds, and enioyes (I say) but All thus got;
This Priestly *Meteor* holds by theeuish Lot.
Kings he *deposeth*, Kingdomes doth *dispose*;
And on all Monarchs doth his Yoke *impose*.

Satan

Satan being *Guide* in Martiall *pride*, Theſe ſame,
With *Victors* voice, his *Vaſſals*, he doth name.
For, the Popes parlour keepes a Key in ſtore;
Which, vnto Kings Thrones *lockes*, *vnlockes* the doore.
To th'Laitie, Lawes 'gainſt their King he giues;
And from their King, his Clergie lawleſſe liues:
For, *they* are Subiects, not by *Law*, but *Luſt*;
And onely as their Reaſon holds it iuſt.
If he o're Kings *Dictator* cannot be;
The Plebeans *Tribune*, ſoone you ſhall him ſee.
For he doth Monarchs, Commons-creatures, call;
That ſo at's Will their Thrones may ſtand and fall.
If *Peters Key*, to *Peter* cannot frame
Kings Scepters; then, *Pauls Sword* ſhall doe the ſame.
Feuers to Plagues, Scabs turne to Leproſie,
If Romes Phyſicion bring not Remedie.
This ramping *Lion* fils all parts with horrour;
His *Flockes* in *Field* he frights with feare and terrour.
Peeres wait at's *Boord*, Monarchs his *Bridle* hold
His very *Feet* are kiſt by Champions bold.
'Twas the Popes voice; an Emp'rours necke, alone,
Was th' *Aſpe* and *Baſiliſke* he'd trample on.
To hold his *Stirrup* Kings muſt crouch and bend;
Whiles this great Prieſt on horſebacke doth aſcend.
An Emp'rour kneeles, whilſt he with high renowne,
With *hand* and *foot*, puts *on*, puts *off* his Crowne.
This Popiſh Latro-Monarch th'Eagles plumes
Plucks off; yea Emp'rours Crownes and Iems aſſumes.
See; doe not Popes ſucceed in *Peters* place?
Does not Chriſt, Them, his Subſtitutes embrace?
A Scarlet *Stole*, gold *Staple*, with *Garland* crown'd,
With worldly wealth, pompe, glory, thus renown'd;

With Starre-like *Iems*, and ſparkling *Stones* moſt precious,
Voluptuous *Life*, much *Eaſe*, *Riot*, pernicious;
Perſian *apparell*, ſtiffe *Necke*, gliſtering *Head*;
A ſhining *Creſt*, gay *Shape*, *Front* garniſhed:
Wagging his *Diamond-ſparkling fingers* fine,
Proffering to kiſſe his *Hand* and *Feet* diuine;
Gazing on's *Troope* and *Traine*, while each one ſings,
Haile the Worlds Father, our great King of Kings,
Borne on *Mens-backes*, while mighty Monarchs muſt
Prop-vp his *Pride*; and from their *Thrones* be thruſt.
Bearing in's hand the ſacred *Keyes* of Rome,
Earths high Tribunall, vnder Chriſt t'aſſume;
Forcing hells *Fiends* (his *Friends*) to doe his will;
And heauens Angelike *Hoaſt* his *Heſt* fulfill:
Taken for God, and taking cleane away
Sins *Guilt*: yea op'ning all Heau'n-*Gates*, for pay;
Drown'd in delights of all ſorts; with mad pride,
He celebrates each *Gourmandizing-Tyde*.
Theſe, truely, *theſe* are holy Popes beſt *Signes*:
Theſe, *Peter* had, *theſe* God to them aſſignes.
Who'le then deny (but he that's well in's wits)
But Popes to be Gods *Stewards*, well befits?
He can giue *Heau'n* to th'*Heinous*, and beſtow
Faiths Crowne on thoſe, in treaſon that oreflow.
Falſhood is *Faith*; true *Worſhip*, *Coniuration*:
(So pleaſe the Pope) and *Truth*, *Equiuocation*.
If by *one-Plot* the Publike-weale had periſht:
So pleaſe the Pope; *that-Plot* muſt needs be cheriſht.
If *Parricides* in *Parents ſides*, their ſword
Should ſheath; the Pope quicke pardon could afford.
Yea, all, Law-breakers ſhall be faultleſſe held:
So pleaſe the Pope; who Lawes doth rule and weild.

Rule's

Rule's, out of *Rule*; *Law*, *Lawleſſe*, *guideleſſe*, all:
When pleaſeth this High-Prieſt Pontificall.
And though 'gainſt Chriſt, blaſpemous words be ſpoke;
(If from his holy-Mouth) they turne to ſmoke:
That poorely-pure *Leo* the *tenth* durſt ſay:
What talke we of that Tale of Chriſt, I praye
O holy Speech; and for *Faiths Foſtrer* fit:
For him which in the High-Prieſts *Chaire* doth ſit.
It ſhewes indeed (Monarchicke-Pope) moſt plaine;
Of Chriſt, thou, *nought* but *Title* doſt retaine.
Thus haſt thou (Thou all-daring impious wight)
Thy gaſtly *Gorgons*, ſottiſh *Sects*, to fright;
Thou Kingdomes, Kings, doſt thus, tame, terrifie:
Thus mak'ſt thou foes yeeld moſt ſubmiſſiuely.
Thus vnto thee (witneſſe *thy ſelfe*) was giuen
Pow'r of the *double*-ſlicing *Sword*, from heau'n.
If, in *one-hand*, that *two-fold* brandiſht *Blade*
Thou ſhake, day, night, light, darkenes; ſtraight is made.
All's *become comely*, which *vncomely* ſeem'd,
If Crownes be thine, if th'Ephod ſuch be deem'd.
But here, the *Moraliſts*, facetious Fable
Seemes, thee, to paint, a Iugler admirable:
While the fond Camell wiſht for Hornes, deni'd;
His fore-giuen Eares he loſt, for's fooliſh pride:
So whilſt the Pope *both Swords* to gripe doth gape;
Shortly he ſhall loſe *both*, deſert of Rape.
Thus, thus 'tis plaine (or I my ſelfe deceiue)
All's his that Chriſt did to prime *Peter* leaue.
The Pope is *Peters Heire* of *All*; likewiſe,
As Prince of Prieſts he thus doth *Peterize*.
Nor *God* nor *Man*, nor *both*; but twixt *both* dubious:
A two-legg'd *Thing*, monſtrous, amphibious.

A Semi-god, two natures, *Ianus*-Elfe:
To *Pet'r* as like as *Peter*'s to himſelfe.
Him God ordain'd to ſit in Iudgement ſeate:
And vnder God, Prieſts *Aſhueroſh* great.
When of Chriſts Church to *Heires* their *parts* were made
All fell to th'Pope (as pilfering Popes haue ſaid.)
He's heau'ns Key-Keeper and Houſe-Keeper great:
To Saints in heau'n, he *giues*, *gaine-ſayes* a Seat.
To hells deepe dungeon he throwes deſperately,
Infinite Soules, yet none dare aske him why.
White into blacke, old, new, ſquares into rounds
He turnes; but mutter, and he thee confounds.
Thou but whetſt wrath, digg'ſt flames, the Lion ſhareſt:
With taunting termes, if chide the Pope thou dareſt.
If, once, this Lion, big *Behemoth* roare,
His breath will blaſt and beat thee o're and o're.
Then, O dire *Fate*, too *late*, thou ſhalt be taught;
What 'tis this *Halfe-man-God*, to ſet at nought,
Maturely, then (leſt his fierce fury boyle)
Slacke, and draw-*backe* the fuell of thy ſpoyle.
And if thou loue thy ſelfe vnboyled, yet,
Quickly, ſubmiſſely, run to Rome, 'tis fit.
For (I thinke ſure) thou ſcarce ſecure canſt be:
When night and day ſuch dangers threaten thee.
O ſupreme Prelate, Earths God, ſacred *Sire*:
Didſt thou for *this* Chriſts Sheepefold *thus* acquire?
To *Peters* chaire, was ſuch fierce fury giuen?
Are theſe mens duties ſeruices, of Heauen?
Art *Thou* Chriſts *Type*? doſt *Thou* in's roome reſide?
Th'art rather *Type* of *Tarquin's*, *Plutoes* pride.

OF

OF THE INTERPRETATION OF THE SCRIPTVRES.

THE THIRD SATYRE.

The Argvment.

Since, 'tis moſt plaine, Popes can explaine Gods Writ;
To ſeeke to Them, in All Doubts, is moſt fit.

THe Trident Councell hath confirm'd the ſcope
Of Scriptures to the pleaſure of the Pope:
Whoſe ſacred *Senſe* on Romes High-Prieſt de-
And therefore to Romes *Ioue* ſubmiſſely bends. (pends:
If not, her Readers ſhall be ſure to finde
Nothing but *Wry-wayes*, *By-wayes*, darke and blinde.
For 'tis Gods Word; which none, well, vnderſtand:
Vnleſſe the Pope put to his helping hand.
Conſult with Popiſh Rubricks leſt thou wander;
This *Ariadne* guides in Texts *Meander*.
For of Gods Word he's th'onely *Hermes* beſt:
The holy-Ghoſt being ſeated in his breſt.
And the Popes Word, is Gods Word certainly:
In whom is not leaſt ſpot of Hereſie.
This Wizards quicke *Wit* picks-out, paſſing well,
Marrow from bones, Nut-kernels from the ſhell.
The holy words true ſenſe he ſure finds out,
Who elſe interprets, leaues the text in doubt.

He onely being Scriptures *South-Seyer*, ſure,
Reſolues the doubts of rigid Texts obſcure. (light:
Sols day-ſtarre, which, to Chriſts Church giues pure
And doth darke clouds of *Errour* baniſh quite.
He's vertues *Watch-Towre*, rule of Pietie:
Lawes light, and Courts bright-beame of Equitie.
The *Sages Starre*, Chriſts birth, ſhew'd not ſo right:
As *Popes* to Chriſtians doe Gods Word enlight.
Like as the *Sunne* fills *All* with ſhine moſt pure:
So *his* cleare *Light* makes bright the *Bible* ſure.
And ſince his Paraphraſe from Errour's free:
Ergo, the Texts pure Senſe from him muſt be.
If at his *Candle* thou'lt not kindle thine:
Th'art blinde, and Gods Word cannot in thee ſhine.
The Axetree of Romes Faith rowles hereupon:
That *Peters Heire* muſt be thy *Maſter* knowne.
And though a *Gloſſe* moſt *Groſſe* the Text doth wreſt:
Since, *Ipſe dixit*, that muſt be the beſt.
This *Library* of God, *Atlas* of Faith,
Commends, *condemnes*, at pleaſure, *faith*, *vnfaith*.
But (ſure as *Sol* doth ſhine) he's the bold Boaſter
Of Pietie; falſe-Prophet, Worlds Impoſter.
He, boldly, his opinions doth apply
To Scriptures; but ner're better'd is thereby.
For if thou knewſt how he Chriſts writ doth wreſt:
Thou'dſt thinke he brow, nor braine, nor heart, poſſeſt.
He is (Romes *Delius* ſaith) the *Delphicke* Sword:
Lifes perfect leaden Rule, Gods holy Word.
Pliant t'each Senſe, Deuotions doubtfull line;
To falſe opinions facile to encline.
'Tis Gods owne Word, that *Pens* of Expoſition
Should run with Romes Rites, Practices, Condition.

The

The Church, Truths witneſſe (a dumbe witneſſe, ſure)
Muſt learne from Romes high-Prieſt to ſpeake moſt pure.
Thus this worlds Dunghill, Patriarch ſubtill, ſlie,
Expounds Gods Word moſt artificially.
But, whatſoere's vnpleaſant to his taſte,
His *Paraphraſe* muſt mend it in all haſte.
O Pope, Arts Prop, great Maſter of the Muſes:
Whoſe holy mouth, faith into all infuſes:
Muſt I (O Clarke of Clarkes moſt learned, rare,)
Be a Diſciple of thy Sacred Chaire?
I'm ſure of *Pauls* and *Peters* anger, when
Thine Oracle (great Scholiaſt) I contemne.
Long haue I liſtned, let me quickly know
The ſacred Oracles which from thee flow.
Though *Rude*, I'm *Ready*; thou ſhalt finde me free:
If *taught*, new-*wrought* from *Rudeneſſe* I may be.
Thus, then: *Chriſt, thrice bad Peter his flocke feed:*
Ergo, the Pope muſt ſupreme Head ſucceed.
Chriſt left his ſheepe to Peter to be fed:
Ergo, the Pope is of all Councels Head.
Againe, *to feed his Lambs Chriſt Peter bad:*
Ergo, from his mouth Scriptures Senſe is had.
Feed, that's to ſay; the worlds Vice-gerent be:
And let all Regall Scepters bow to thee.
Feed, that's as much, as Curbe, proſcribe, and kill:
In this ſence *Peter* did his charge fulfill.
Sing, holy Sir, Saint *Peter* makes thee fit
His firme Succeſſour, witneſſe holy Writ.
On, with this new-found Logicke; Beautifie
Thy thus got charge; thy *prize* (faire Palmes) is nigh.
Harke now: *Chriſt ſaid to Peter, follow me:*
Ergo, he followd Chriſt, in Emperie.

Peters firme faith was neere with blasts oreblowne.
Ergo, Popes faith eclipse hath neuer knowne.
To thee (O Peter) heauens blest Keyes were giuen:
Ergo, the Pope them keepes as Port'r of heauen.
Christ praid for Peter: Ergo, 'tis most plaine;
The Petrean-Parents faith must firme remaine.
Kill and eate; Ergo, Peter must be Head:
For that which eates, that same is sure the head.
Vpon a Rocke Christs Church was built: Therefore,
Peter's a Rocke, the Pope his Paramour.
O Prince of Priests, Bishop of fragrant fame;
Who (tameless) tam'st *All*, heau'n hath will'd the same.
Prop and protect Romes Axetree with more might.
Lest thy Pontifike heau'n be cast downe quite.
Open (O rare *Interpreter*) for me,
Mo Scripture *Nuts* that I their *Kernes* may see.
Others (alas) giue but a glimpse of light:
But *thy* blest *Lamps* giues a great *Sun-beame* bright.
To *thee* the Scripture freely opes her heart:
And to *thy Cisterne* doth full *streames* impart.
Apollo prompting thee, thou canst conclude,
Ought out of ought: Logicke thou hast subdude.
Expounding's fit for Boyes: sense swims to thee:
Spare oyle and match, thou without Light canst see.
If I an hundred wise *Apollos* had,
To finde thy *force* and *fraude*, they'd *all* run mad.
On, farther, *Father*, sit downe in thy *Chaire*:
Thy word to weigh my prone eares I prepare.
To cast to Dogges things holy 'tis not fit:
Ergo, Rude people must not know Gods writ.
Other things when I come I will dispose:
Ergo, th'Apostle did the Masse compose.

For thirty Pence our Saiuour was betraide:
Ergo, the Hoſte like Pence muſt needs be made.
Chriſt was a Rocke: Ergo, to ſay Maſſe on,
All Altars muſt be made of Rockey Stone.
Promiſe of Life, to Bread, not Wine, was made:
Ergo, the Wine to Laicks is gaine-ſaid.
Who eates this Bread, ſhall liue eternally:
Ergo, for Hea'un, Bread ſerues ſufficiently.
Prieſts are ith' Church, like Soldiers Sp'rituall:
Ergo, 'gainſt Hell with Songs they rore and yaull.
The fruitleſſe Fig-tree, Chriſt with curſe did ſmite:
Ergo, the Pope may curſe and ban by right.
All men ſhall at his Foot-ſtoole Him adore:
Ergo, the Pope muſt on mens backs be bore.
People, of Prieſts, touching the Law muſt aske:
Ergo, t'expound is the Popes onely Taske.
An Ethnick let him bee, which heares not Thee:
Ergo, All muſt receiue the Popes Decree.
It ſeemed good to th' Holy Ghoſt and mee:
Ergo, the Pope Truths Horologe muſt bee.
Moſes, the Iewes Iarres, to an end did draw:
Ergo, the Popes Law's liuely; dead's Gods Law.
Chriſt, Tribute paide for Peter: Ergo, than,
The Pope paies none, but catcheth all he can.
O *Rabbi* rare, Angelicall Expounder!
Whoſe ſenſe of *Sacred-Writ*, than all is founder?
When I a *Beeſe* kill, thou the *hornes* ſhalt haue,
For theſe thy Scripture-Expoſitions braue.
The pith of Texts is knowne ſo well to thee,
That for thy vſe, they Parrets ſeeme to bee.
What's next? O ſhew it, ſhoote more lightning out:
To ſcatter trembling Heretikes about.

Thoſe that liue in the Fleſh, pleaſe not the Lord:
Ergo, the Pope will Prieſts no wiues afford.
Melchiſedech the Prieſt no Parents had:
Ergo, Prieſts to be Parents is moſt bad.
God hath put all things vnderneath his Feete:
Ergo, the World ſhould be Popes ſlaue, tis meete.
The Lord two great Lights made: Ergo, Popes Might,
Muſt be the greateſt, leſſer Emp'rours Light.
Firſt Heau'n, then Earth was made: Ergo, I hope,
Cæſar in pompe, muſt come behinde the Pope.
The Spirit th'vnbridled Fleſh muſt tame, abaſe:
Ergo, the Pope of Emperours muſt take place.
The Father is the Sucklings due Superiour:
Ergo, a King is to the Pope Inferiour.
Sin-Sory Mary kiſt our Sauiours Feete:
Ergo, that All, the Popes feete kiſſe, 'tis meete.
Earths Springs, ſprung vp, moiſten the Earth againe:
Ergo, the Pope (Worlds chiefe) ore all muſt raigne.
O precious Prieſt, Worlds Maſter moſt admired!
Arts piller, pride, glory, ſo much deſired.
Praiſe-worthy Prouoſt, of Witts crafty Schoole:
O the rare Fame of thy Cathedrall Stoole!
Saint *Peters* Power, amazed, I adore:
Than thy great Name, I make of nothing more.
My thoughts are ſharpe, my wits are ready preſt,
My Muſe is rowz'd, thy Fame to manifeſt.
Whole Academies, Bay-trees bend to Thee:
Pallas, *Apollo*, thine Inferiours bee.
To thee tis giuen to know Heau'ns Myſteries:
Thou, for pure ſenſe, art th'only *Wizard-wiſe*.
Another Prieſt, ith' Prieſt-hood, plac't with Thee:
Hee's but a *Calfe*; *Thou* a huge *Oxe* ſhalt bee.

Since,

Since, I, at *Delphos*, Oracles mayn't here:
Thou, thou alone, ſhalt be my *Delius* deare.
A fig for all the Fathers; of their light
I ſcorne to borrow; *theirs* by *thine* ſhines bright.
Thou none doſt *cheate*, nor, none *cheats*, onely Thee:
Thy ſacred word, Gods Canon Writ muſt be.
Heau'n is thy Studies Stoole, thy ſenſe, the Starres:
And no Eclipſe thy ſhining *Iubar* barres.
All the trim treaſures of Celeſtiall skill,
The ſacred Cabinet of thy breſt fill.
The gates of hell againſt thee haue no might:
Faith doth for *Thee*, at ſword and buckler fight.
Yea thou Chriſts very thoughts doſt throughly know;
And in thy mouth *Gods Sp'rit* ſprings to and fro.
Why ſhould not then the Worlds loud exclamation,
Sound out to thee *Hoſanna* their Saluation?
Th'art righteouſneſſe, and Peace's Prince of fame:
Melchiſedech, King *Salem*, chang'd in name.
Since graceleſſe Rome, with her vngrounded faith,
Other bleſt names of Chriſt to thee giuen hath:
Chriſt is the *firſt*; thou the Worlds *ſecond* light:
So, golden-*Gloſſes*, t'vs *groſſe-Aſſes* write.
In Chriſt, her *Pheere*, the Church, his *Deere*, is bleſt:
And thou (Vice-Chriſt) her Brooker keepſt her beſt.
Chriſt is that *Royall-Head* which quickens all:
And thou muſt be that *Head*, *Subalternall*.
The world which Chriſt protects, is thine owne charge:
Let others take *his part*, thine's the world large.
Chriſt and Thou but one Conſiſtorie haue:
Thus vnder him thy rule may realmes be-ſlaue.
Thou, *Cherubins* and *Seraphins* mak'ſt tremble:
Yea *Deuils* to doe thy will thou'lt ſoone aſſemble.

Mountaines,

Mountaines, to *Mole-hils* melt; vailes cleaue in ſunder:
Seas, are drawne dry, if with thy Voice Thou thunder.
The firey Charret of *Elias*, ſtraight;
Shall whurrey thee through Clouds, to Heau'n Gate.
In ſpight of Swords and Shields (great King of Kings)
Earth's *Thrones* to *thy Throne*, couple with ſtrong ſtrings.
Thy Royalties with Chriſts ſo cloſe agree:
That (as thou iuggleſt) we no difference ſee:
Yet (to be plaine) great difference is in th' one:
But being alike, your Powers the like are knowne.
Thou, mai'ſt *infringe*; Chriſt muſt the Law *fulfill*:
Laws *Debtor* Hee, Thou *Diſpenſator* ſtill.
What need we *Words*, when *Deeds* more plainely ſpeake?
That at thy pleaſure, thou Gods Laws canſt breake.
By *Power of* Pope-ſhip, and the *Holy Chaire*,
Thou *All* canſt marre; *All things*, as iuſt, doſt dare.
If ought remaine, to heate it I am preſt:
That ſo thy Clients tired eares may reſt.
Hence-forth Ile thee a Fiſher of Men make:
Ergo, the Pope in's net may Kingdomes take.
All things are iudg'd by the Spirituall man:
Ergo, the Pope doth all well iudge and ſcan.
All things are iudg'd by the Spirituall man:
Ergo, iudge Popes, pneumaticke-Lords, none can.
Heere are two Swords: *Ergo*, they both are Thine:
And euery Kingdome ſhall to thee incline.
Periſh ſhall euery Land not ſeruing Thee:
Ergo, all muſt Popes Tributaries bee.
Periſh ſhall euery Land not ſeruing thee:
Ergo, to th' Pope, all Lands muſt vaſſals bee.
Vnder his feet are all things put: *Ergo*,
All power, this Hyperbolike Pope's below.

No

No man can ſerue two Maſters: Ergo, All
Muſt ſerue the Pope, and from their Princes fall.
No Seruant is aboue his Maſter knowne:
Ergo, to blame the Pope, tis fit for none.
Slaues than their Lords, Cynthia than Sol is leſſe:
Ergo, ought Kings to Popes their necks depreſſe.
Many ſuch Lies (Arch-Sophiſter) thy Wit
Relates; and wreſts Gods holy Word to it.
And were not Thine concordant to the ſame,
'Twere none of *Thine*, none of it from thee came.
Thy Witneſſe call'd, Thoul't tortures adde thereto:
Their right to wrong, their contrary to doe.
Thus Thou a Doctors Charge, Chriſts Office, thus;
Thou vnder-go'ſt, and ſmack'ſt Gods deepe ſenſe, thus.
Diſtaſtefull is *thy Taſte*, th'art Woodden Wiſe:
Whil'ſt thou doſt broach thy braines fond fantaſies.
Thou (Chimicall Expounder) *Protean* Senſes
Giu'ſt to Gods Word; with an old Foxe pretences.
Yet, no Sence Wreſted, Thou the Text doſt follow;
For thou art Scriptures *Phœbus*, wiſe *Apollo*.
Art thou the Bibles *Hermes* Touch-ſtone pure?
Hee that denies it, does moſt wiſely, ſure.

OF

THE DAMNABLE DOCTRINE IN THE DECEIVEABLE SYNAGOGVE OF SATAN, AT ROME.

THE FOVRTH SATYRE.

The ARGVMENT.

Coyned, re-coyned Faith, at Rome, oft hatches
A great Encreaſe, botcht vp with many patches.

WIth what thicke miſts (oh Antichriſt prophane)
What, *Stygian Chaos*, ſeekſt thou *Truth* to ſtaine?
Of *Liuing Streames*, poyſ'ning the ſound, ſweet drafts,
Digging vp *Muddy-Pooles* of Lyes and Crafts.
On paine of Heau'ns fierce furie charging *All*,
Wrong-wreſted Texts to hold Authenticall:
Thou ſcorn'ſt the *Hebrew* Conduit-Heads, As though,
From thy Sluce, Slowe, farre fairer Floods did flow.
With *Orthodox*, *Apocryphall* falſe Writs,
VVith *Doubtleſſe Truth*, *Fryers Forgeries* Rome fits.
Grammaticke, Myſtick, Morall, Sphynx-like ſenſes,
Gods Booke muſt haue, to ſaue the Popes pretences.
But, ſince ſuch various *Senſe*, Gods Booke containes:
I wonder how leaſt *Sence* in *It* remaines.

Thus

Thus Antichriſt, Chriſts Word, moſt heau'nly Treaſure
Doth *explicate*, and *applicate* at's pleaſure.
O proud prompt Tyrant of *Non-ſenſe* or *Senſe*:
Bold *Bibliocide*, *Autographs* oft offence:
Great *Talmudiſt*, Rare Popiſh *Alchymiſt*:
Whoſe *becke*, whoſe *bleat*, thy *Sheepe* lead as thou liſt.
O how Romes learned *Land-markes* on her Gloſſes,
The Popes great pleaſure or confirmes or croſſes.
Chriſts Scriptures, you, with Droſſe for Doctrine varniſh:
That they, thus wrong'd, your *Latian-God* may garniſh.
For, this Metropolite of Sophiſters,
Hath of Religion Aſſe-like Enginers.
And Readers Ieſter iuſtly (ſure) is Hee,
Whiles thus for *profit* hee'le Gods *Prophet* bee.
Faiths *Farmer*, *Framer*, formes opinions new:
And would, with His Faiths-Bond, bind Chriſtians true.
Foule fac't: the Worlds *Apoſtate-Generall*,
T'himſelfe aſſumes Faiths holy *Tenents* all.
VVhen once his Annuall pompous Faſts begin,
VVho-'ere eats *Fleſh*, commits a deadly ſinne.
Fiſh they may eate, but to eate *Fleſh* 'tis hated:
Becauſe the *Earth*, not *Sea*, was execrated.
Great ghoſtly Grand-Sire, *Coryphe* of Doctors,
Peoples *Omega*, *Alpha* of Hels Proctors:
Since thou doſt thus ſuch Diueliſh doctrines broach,
Is't like, Chriſts Flock (Thou Guide) can Heau'n approch?
Since thou'lt officiate Satans part ſo well:
Th'art Commiſſarie, not of Heau'n, but Hell.
Scriptures, Thou cal'ſt the Booke of *Heretickes*:
And theſe (*Mans ioy*) thou burn'ſt like Brands or Stickes.
And though in other Bookes be thouſand Lyes:
Onely the Bible as Delinquent Fries.

Why they eate they bread.

In vttrance ſtrange Thy holy things are ſhowne:
Which *Ignorants* conceiue like ſtupid Stone.
Hee which to men reades Scriptures fruitfully,
Caſts Bread to *Dogs*, to *Hogs* doth pearles apply.
Rawſtomacks may their holyeſt things digeſt;
Their *Picture-Paſtures* famiſht Soules fill beſt.
A Players poſture ſhewes Faiths Myſterie:
And Folkes in Flocks, caru'd Saints doe rectifie.
Thus *Bethel's* made *Bethauen*: th' Arke exilde,
Thus *Molechs* raigne Gods Temple hath defilde.
What talke I of their Gloſſes of dull Wit?
While their dull Biſhop ieſts with ſacred Writ.
Of Gods bleſt Word, th' abuſed Maieſty,
Shewes in Romes rout that ther's no piety.
Th' order of priſtine Prieſts was once of *Gold*:
Now't's *Wooden*, Why? *Wooden* Popes Popedomes hold,
Keepers had need be kept; Teachers be taught:
Curates of Cures, be cur'd, leſt all be naught.
Illit'rate Lubbers baſe are digniſi'de:
To th' ſacred *Chaire* comes nought but climbing pride.
Prieſts cloddy, cloudy ignorance, poore skill,
With moſt *Cymmerian* darkneſſe Temples fill.
With Babiſh toyes of Chriſt they Pulpits ſtaine:
With impious Errours they chaſte Faith prophaine.
Moſt droſſy Darnell, poyſonous Pills they giue,
And Salues apply, which Health from Sicknes driue.
If Strumpet *Rome* had not a brazen Brow;
She could not but my Words for truth auow.
If ſhee deny (as that ſhee hath and will)
It ſhall her brand with proſtituted Ill.
But now lets ſee what rotten Rags remaine,
What vpſtart Tricks, Romiſh Faith to ſuſtaine.

Do'ſt know great *Purgatories* wondrous fire?
This flame, cleares ſoules, Bags emptieth for hire.
This purgeth Purſes pregnant with pure gold:
Romes ſtrong gold-gliſter torrid zoane behold.
This purgeth metals (though moſt pure before)
And leaues to fooles, of wit and wealth ſmall ſtore.
A Bug-Beare is this great *Cathartick* flame,
Popes painted hell, Worlds Scarre-Crow fools to tame.
How this *fond* Popes *fond* fire, *fond* fooles doth fright?
How *fooliſh* lightnings from's *falſe* heau'ns ſhine bright?
Nothing but *Sinons* voice Fraud, Chimicke trickes,
Is in this ſtrange Purſe-purifying *Styx*.
He which can quickly kindle this quicke flame,
Can if he liſt (rare Craftesmen) quench the ſame,
Thou haſt (O Sacred Sir) firme facultie,
To damne, redeeme all ſoules that there doe frie:
If thou canſt ſaue, but wilt not th'art too iuſt,
But if thou wouldſt, and canſt not, who'le thee truſt?
Chooſe wheth'r of theſe, ſince either of theſe o'rethrow thee:
A *Lying-Prieſt*, or *Tyrant-fierce*, they ſhew thee.
Romes Pontificke, Pompificke Prelate, rather,
Such fond *Dædalean* fantaſies doth father.
And *Berengarius* quaintly quips them well,
For pot and pottage they the World excell.
But I (if lawfull 'tis) may terme them, true,
Mercuries, loiners, Coiners, of faith new.
Great reaſon iſt that *Purgatories* fire
Should burne moſt bright, and warme the Popes deſire.
For if this Money-fertile fire goe out,
Popes chimneys would (alas) lie cold, I doubt.
O Supreme Prieſt, Apoſtle generall:
Great maſter of the *Chaire* dogmaticall:

O let illiterate Me, be farther taught,
The Babylonish Rites thy braines haue brought.
Thy great Decree from heau'n all those keeps out,
Which from Thy sheep-cote straggle, stray about.
Thy slightest censure makes damn'd Atheists flie:
Thee to displease brings death vndoubtedly.
No scourge of *Heretickes* ere rag'd like Thee:
Yet thou, worst Hereticke, they guiltie be.
Since *Personall Succession* helpes thee not:
Thy *Faiths Succession*, who regards a iot?
Yet, this I grant, as Darkenesse followes Light:
Thou and thy sheepe-hooke, follow *Peter* right.
Thou *Caiaphas*, not *Cephas*, dost succeed:
Simon (not *Peter*) *Magus* did thee breed.
Annas and *Caiphas* held succession faire.
But Christ and's followers did not for it care.
Issue of Men Faiths issue can't inply:
Nor empty scabbards win a victorie.
By *hearing*, not *succeeding*, Faith's begot:
A *Holy life* makes good-men, *Orders*, not.
Ancletus, *Cletus*, *Clemens*, *Linus*, Pope,
Which, who succeeds, to shew is past all hope.
And to this day the tyranne *Turke* doth hold
Foure Patriarke Seates, by foure Popes lost or sold.
Ierusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, Constantinople.
Thus he Vice-Christ doth Christ succeed, 'tis right:
For, Vice-Christs *Presence* breeds Christs *Absence* quite.
That rauening *Wolues* should follow *Pastors* pure:
Saint *Paul* foretold, and Gods *Amen*, proues sure.
O disguisde Sire, Christs Vicar vizard fac't:
Which here on earth, hells *forces*, *courses*, haste:
Shew me more Wardroabes of thy *Alcaron*;
And nouell *Tricks* thy *Treuet* stands vpon.

'Tis

'Tis thy diuine decree, that Man, ſins ſlaue,
Can worke Gods Will, yea more then God doth craue:
The *Iuſt*, thou ſayſt, doe it, but *perfect* men
Doe *more* than Gods Law doth demand of them.
But iſt in *me* the Law of God to doe?
Why then by *Bond*, did God me binde thereto?
The *Law* me kills, the Law me tramples on:
Can then Lifes acts by *Dead* be vndergon?
By power of mans *Free-will* and inbred-good:
Thou doſt deſpiſe, diſgrace Chriſts bleſſed Blood.
And laſting life t'election to make ſure,
Thou'lt vſe thy *Mud*, and not Chriſts *Mould* moſt pure.
Chriſts blood ſhut-vp; vaine *Veniall-Sinnes* thou'lt finde;
Which to Deaths *Doome*, the ſoule of no man binde.
But eu'n theſe ſins which frõ Chriſts bloud thou'dſt free,
Will cauſe thy ſoule Chriſts Kingdome ne're to ſee.
Whilſt by the Law thou lookeſt for Saluation;
Thou doſt the Law by meere imagination.
For how thou canſt Gods firme Law vndergoe,
Thine owne faſt-law-bound Conſcience beſt can ſhow.
Chriſts Bloud (thou ſayſt) for *Sinne*, not *Paine*, did pay:
Yet (thy *Indulgence* can take *Both* away.)
Sometime thou'lt *Penance* haue, yet *Sinne* protected:
Can *Sinne* be ſalu'd, yet *Penance* be expected?
O the Indulgent loue of Romes kinde Father!
To binde, looſe, ſhew to *Guilt*, and *Guiltie* fauour.
At once, he *blowes*, and *ſups*; makes hot, and cold:
Bindes, and *vnbindes*; vnbound things faſt doth hold.
What e're he *pardons*, he can puniſh to;
Make *Guiltie*, *Guiltleſſe*, this and more he'le doe.
His *Ramiſh-Romiſh* Faith much *Mirth* may make:
But whoſe weake Faith, true *growth* from it can take?

He

He which is dawbd with *extreme Vnction*, hath
Full ſtrength to ſtruggle with ſpirituall ſcath.
This bleſſed *Balme* Chriſts bleſſed ſeruants makes:
He's none of Chriſts, that *Babels Balme* forſakes.
But *Caluiniſts* (though Papiſts rage and raue)
To greaze their *Boots*, this *oyle* doe often ſaue.
Calixtus, wiſely, did foure Faſts ordaine:
For, *bodies*, *yeares*, foure quarters doe containe.
Like the foure *Humours* and foure *Elements*:
And as foure farthings for foure *Egges*, contents.
As, *Peter* was a *Fiſher*, fiſh to vſe,
Peters religious Popes doe chiefly chooſe.
Repentance was no *Sacrament* of old:
Penance is now a *new one* vncontrould.
Baptiſme's a pledge of Faith to Chriſt conioyn'd:
And by this *Badge* Romes Vice-Chriſt, his will finde.
Heau'ns life *Eternall*, by *externall* lauing
We get: and thence comes all mens hope of ſauing.
This *Salt*, this *Oyle*, theſe magicke *Arts*, ranke *Spittle*,
Abuſe thy people (O Chriſt) not a little.
O damn'd deeds of Romes botching-Biſhop baſe,
Gods *Law* and pure *Hand-writing* to diſgrace.
Heretickes this *Arch-Hereticke* makes thoſe,
Which will not ſeuen *ſound Sacraments* ſuppoſe.
For, the ſeuen *Card'nall Vices*, *Vertues*, ſhow:
From the new cou'nant, iuſt ſeuen *Signes* to grow.
Ith' *Euchariſt*, their *Wine* is poyſnous, ſure:
For laymen may not that dire draught endure.
Theſe thirſtie Gueſts *ſup*, *ſip* no moiſture; they
(Againſt their wils) *That cup*, *to paſſe them*, *pray*.
If Sacrilegiouſly they'l *halfe* with-hold:
With neither *part* to *part*, they may be bold.

Maſſe-

Maſſe-Prieſts tooke *Bread* and *Wine*, Laicks, but *Bread*:
If *Bread* ſerue theſe, with *both*, why are Prieſts fed?
The anſwer's eaſie, Who eats *Bread*, has *Wine*:
For needs muſt *Fleſh*, within it *Blood* conioyne.
Well, if *meere-Bread* both *Bread* and *Wine* doth coope:
Why (beſides *Bread*) take Prieſts ſo ſound a *Soope*?
And if *one-Element* ſufficient be:
Change turnes: Giue Laicks *Wine*, take *Bread* to thee.
Since Chriſt (Cup, Bearer-like) gaue vs his *Blood*:
How is it by audacious Popes withſtood?
Confeſſion is (thou ſayſt) Sinnes *Remedie*:
But thy flocke findes it *Curing-Crueltie*.
Their ſoule being fed with Vineger and Gall:
When *pard'ned*, to ſinnes *Penance* 'tis in thrall.
Soule-Tyrannizing Pope, dire dregs, hard heart:
O how *vnkindely-kinde* (alas) thou art?
No *Laude*, much *Fraud* in thy *Confeſſions* be:
Which thy *Newes-quaffing-Eares* (ſlie Clarke) drink free.
Surely the fond *Confeſſors* ſelfe, oft times,
Both *heares* and *eleares* (thee telling) thy foule crimes.
And canſt thou then other folkes faults forgiue?
Thou canſt thine owne, then, howſoere they liue.
Thou canſt indeed abſolue *Abſoluers*: Why?
Heau'ns kingdomes *Key* betweene thy lips doth lie:
For *ſomething*, *all things*, thou'lt forgiue to *All*:
Which for Romes ioyfull *Iubiles* doe call.
Thou'lt looſe *Omiſſiue* and *Commiſſiue* ſinne;
And could Chriſts *Paſſion* greater glory win?
Canoniz'd *Saints* are ſurely ſau'd, thou't ſay.
Thy ſelfe *vnſure*, would'ſt *certainly* diſplay.
Doſt thou know others, yet thy ſelfe much doubt?
Are thy eyes bright abroad? At home put out?

Wouldſt be *beleeu'd*, but not *Thy-ſelfe* beleeue?
Though wiſe to others, thou'lt thy ſelfe deceiue.
See here, the triple Crownes decree diuine:
See Popes *Petrean-faith*, Saint *Peters* Shrine.
Art thou not right *Bezalels* typed Temple?
Babel, Gods Arke may heare, with like example.
Of this *Browne-Bran* (for here's not leaſt *fine Flower*)
Dogmaticke dunghils, Popes to make haue power.
What need I name, each worſhip-new, vaine Rite?
Whereby true worſhip is euen buried quite.
Romes *Mother*-Church is *big* with foolerie:
With faithleſſe Faith and impious Pietie;
For the moſt part, *Papiſme* is *Paganiſme*:
Fertile, yea ranke, in rotten new-found *Schiſme*.
O impious Idolizing Papiſts graue!
Is God your God? who many Gods may haue?
Whiles you lie ſnorting, th'*Enuious Man* keeps watch:
And Satan (ſo) you oft with ſcoffes doth catch.
Vaine, ſilly *Superſtition* ſongs doth mutter:
And dayly Prayers by numbred Beads, doth vtter.
But I ſhall ſhew in more conuenient place:
The noyſe and toyes of *Romiſh Quires* moſt baſe.
Meane while, What does our *Clergie-Maſter*, ſee,
How playes he *Peters* part? How flockes *Feeds* he:
Surely, this *Care*, who will, may take in hand:
Himſelfe ith'Church, treble-Head-Stone doth ſtand.
And in this Senſe, I ſay, and euer ſhall:
The Pope's a *Rocke*, liuely Grammaticall.
And I will wager now, with any one,
That, than the Pope, *Nothing*'s more like a Stone.
He's huſh in *Words*, but *Swords* he'le brandiſh braue;
In Loue, *Stone-heart*: in Hate, *Wraths* part he'le haue:

He

He ſends forth *Threats*, ſuſpends milke-*Teats*; and thus,
Fauours Gods flock: thus is Religious.
Paul (ſure) that Patterne of a Paſtor good,
Nor *Peter* (thus) their dueties vnderſtood.
Doubtleſſe, whilſt he Kingdomes looſe ſhackles ſhakes:
His Kings, moſt blinde, to *Warres* and *Iarres*, he makes.
While theſe his *reſtleſſe* Cares, all *reſt deny*, *Non vacat exiguis.*
Iuſtly this *Ioue* ſleight ſacred Cares may fly.
If thou reuiſe each annuall act and deed:
None of them ſhew one Pope his flocks to feed.
And this Vice-Chriſt, herein Chriſt imitates:
With a *few Loaues*, thouſands he ſatiates.
Good Shepheards, more than *Life*, their *Flocks* doe prize:
The Pope his *Flockes*, vnder *all*, vilifies.
Ah ignorant, baſe, dull, blinde, vulgar Rout!
To whom the Lampe of Light and Truth's put out.
O how your day is darkneſſe, Guides, miſguide:
Hearts, *rough*; Minde, *tough*; Hope, *vaine*; Faith foolified.
Thouſand *Goth*-like, *Vandall*-like villanies:
Mongſt thouſands of Popes people Tyrannize.
At Rome, huge bands of Vagrants vaine there be:
Which breake Chriſts Sabbaths in looſe company.
Shepheards may keepe the *Erymanthean Beare*:
As well as Popes Chriſts Flocks, deuoyd of care.
He which ith'Church will haue nor, Blinde, nor Lame:
In holy'ſt duties, he's in Both the ſame.
Implicite faith to *hold*, they *hold* moſt holy:
And *Ignorance*, chiefe Pietie, not Folly.
This is no holy Fatling, but leane, lanke:
This is not Peoples power, but Poyſon ranke.
Thus in Soule-captiu'd flocks is Popes delight:
Like the *Cyclopean* Troops bereft of ſight.

Whilſt he by *Images* would people teach:
Himſelfe's an Image, he'le not to them preach:
While his externall Temple's glorious gay:
He ſuffers Gods true Temple to decay.
And while he may wallow in worldly pelfe:
Proximus ipſe ſibi. Farewell poore Chriſt, *He's neereſt to himſelfe.*
Yea *fare* thou *well*, that thy Prieſt well may be:
For if thou firſt doe well, then (ſure) will he.
Bread to be made of Stones (with *Stygian* skill)
And men t'eate Stones in Statues, is his will.
Ceaſe Queſtioniſt t'enquire of faith ſincere:
Rome holds it fitteſt, faith confounded were.
This high Prieſt of Romes ſacred Rites, indeed,
His feeble flockes with frothy milke doth feed.
Impoſtour, Paſtor, Doctor, Deceiuer great:
Is there in thy Sheep-fold ſuch holy meat?
Whiles thou doſt thus ſoules feed, or rather ſtarue:
Giue Satan Them, the Reſt to thee reſerue.
Since in Gods Church th'art rough *Marpeſian* rocke:
Why then ſhould ſtupid I, truſt ſuch a ſtocke?
Should men thee *truſt*, as thou thy ſelfe doſt *truſt*:
Truſt me, who *truſts* thee, is a mad man iuſt.
People truſt Prieſts, *Prieſts* Biſhops truſt, I hope,
Prelates truſt Councels, *Councels* truſt the Pope.
Let *all* opinions t'*ones* opinion truſt:
Then, but one flocke, one faith needs be there muſt.
Is This faiths golden *Syntaxe* firmely true?
Commend it firſt t'a Turke or faithleſſe Iew.
Things following from things already demonſtrated. Now (great Prieſts-Prelate) by thy mitred pleaſure:
Declare mo * *Confectaries* of thy Treaſure.
If thou, faiths *Cacodocuments* wilt ſhew me:
A triple-fitted Creſt Ile wiſh vnto thee.

Rome

Rome being drunke with ſacred Saints deare blooe:
Worſhippeth Saints, with Rites, ne're vnderſtood.
Truely thou ſayſt, and we the *Truth* muſt *truſt*:
Thou then, when I ſpeake *true*, beleeue me muſt.
The Popes (by rules of Romes Religion old)
Farre leſſe, loue Saints, than Strumpets, baſe and bold.
Vnder Chriſts name, many foule contraries
To Chriſt, this cunning craftſman doth deuiſe.
On Satans *Boxes*, he ſubſcribes Chriſts name:
With paliated Fraud, Gods Flocke to ſhame.
The people eate poyſon, with paint ſurrounded:
And venome drinke, with Antidotes compounded.
Vice-Chriſt adores Chriſts name, not Deitie:
Keeps leſſe of Chriſts, than *Peters*, memorie.
To *Peter*, Temples, Feaſts, Faſts, makes, erects;
Peter to be Faiths Rocke, he moſt affects.
Peter, aliue, would not be worſhipt: Now,
To's Image (as to God) being dead, they bow;
The Saints aliue, were clad in meane aray:
Their pictures, *Puppet-like*, are wondrous gay.
A *Maide*, is made, Mans *Sauioureſſe* diuine:
And *She* by right her Sonne can *ought* enioyne.
Nor is Romes ſect (the *Mother's* ſo ador'd)
With Chriſts, as *Maries* worſhippers, ſo ſtor'd.
Heau'ns kingdome, Chriſt did with his *Mother* ſhare:
Kept halfe himſelfe, and halfe to her did ſpare.
Gods Daughter by pure fruite of moſt pure birth,
Excels the louely Lillies of the Earth.
Fairer then *Phœbus*, than full *Phœbe* whiter:
Cleerer than *Starres*, than braue *Aurora* brighter.
Seas *Starre*, Suns *Patroneſſe*, Heau'ns *golden-gate*:
Tranſparent *Spring*, *Roſe* moſt intemerate;

Poore wretches *Ioy*, *Anchor*, *Hauen*, bleſt *Blaſt*, *Hope*;
And *What Not?* Is *Shee* to th' plumbeous Pope.
She, which to th' World brought forth the *promis'd Seed*;
Tooke from the World, almoſt what *Eue* did breed.
The Pope, ſalne backe, to Heretikes old Toyes:
Hereſies *fragments* to re-boile, much ioyes.
In golden Cups Hee deadly poyſon quaffes:
And in braue *Bowles*, to ſlay poore *Soules*, He laughes,
Is Chriſt Med'atour? Why then ſeek'ſt thou More?
Yes, Popelings thouſands haue, thouſands adore.
O fond, beſotted Papiſts, deafe, dull, blinde:
Can one ſuch madnes, 'mongſt the Heathen find?
This Helliſh Hangman *Mart'ricide* moſt fierce:
Worſhippeth many a Martyrs painted *Herſe*.
This Faiths *Confounder*, killing thy Lambes good:
To Thee (O Chriſt) doth ſacrifice thy Blood.
A painted Lamb's ador'd, deuour'd aliue:
Thus, thus, doth Romes Religion rarely thriue.
Him I will not *Religious*, *Holy*, ſtile,
But Common *Whore*, or *Couchant Wolfe* moſt vile.
Gods Church, with floods of blood, orewhelmed all:
We may the Pope, Saints bloody *Butcher* call.
This Field of blood, *Acheldama* thus ſhowne: (knowne,
Makes thee (proud Prieſt) a *Dog-Wolfe*, *Bitch-Wolfe*
How many *Teſtes* doe deteſt with Scath;
Romes ſacrilegious ebbing, flowing Faith?
Which Hee'le, now firme, anon infringe, and bee
A *Synon* ſly, not *Simon-Peter* free.
For to a Counſell, *One*, once call'd, ſecur'd;
The *Gueſt* was ſlaine, the *Hoſte*, his Faith abiur'd,
And whereas Prieſts Gods Flocks bright *Star* ſhould be,
The raging *Dog-ſtarre* this Vice-Chriſt, we ſee.

Chriſts

Christs feeble Flocke, the Popes Salue *hurts*, not *heales*:
Hee with *tart Tortures*, not *milde Med'cines* deales.
I surely thinke, that *Turkes* of *All Popes* times,
Ne're wrought 'gainst Christ, so many bloody Crimes.
O what a Man of Blood art Thou to th' Bride?
By whom Hir offspring Dye, in Fire are fryde.
Popes furious frownes, make many vndergoe
Deaths *Dart*, Warres *Smart*, Waues finall, fatall Woe.
The Pope and Pluto (witnes euery Lowne)
Thus differ, hee hath Hornes, Popes triple Crowne;
All els concurre. So well perform'd thou seest;
All Satans Workes, by this *Plutonick* Priest.
A time will come, when Hee, Christs sacred Traine,
And liuing Members dearely would re-gaine.
And yet Saints slaughter will not Him suffice;
But ore *Dead Corps* dig'd vp, Hee'l tyrannize.
Nor rests his Fury with *Dead bodies* fed:
But this fierce Fiend their Ghosts hath tortured.
Rachel, Thy Church (sweete Sauiour, craues thy aide:
Lamenting sore, that *Shee's* so childlesse made.
Hir Saints wide Wounds from *Rome* receiu'd, she showes,
And how with *Flames* she shines, with *Blood* ore-flowes.
Shee now doth Roses with much ruth bring out:
Who, in sweete peace, once, made white Lillies sprout.
In midst of Flames, than Flames themselues more bright,
Thy Martyrs were, all clad with fiery Light.
Nor did her soile want raine, to spring and bud;
Too fertile 'twas, ore flowne with showres of Blood.
Popes Founders and Repayrers Diuels were;
With props of Blood, His Throne to build and reare.
O Christ, whilest Thy Saints, after Death feard Death:
They feared not in Life to lose their breath.

In

In *England*, heere, a *Queene* being Papists pride:
By fire how many holy Martyrs dyd'e?
Nor did *Queene Marie*, of meere Vulgars builde
Those Godlesse Flames; but burn'd fiue Bishops milde.
Nay more, a *Child*, from *Mothers Wombe* which braſt;
VVas into th' Fire by Romish Fiends re-caſt.
Lo; thus, with ſlaughtered Saints, Romes ſhambles ſhines;
No better brau'rie Romes renowne refines.
Seruant of Seruants, Fellow ſeruants ſlayes:
And ſo himſelfe a Seruant baſe betrayes.
This Latian Dragon with Gods Saints makes warre:
In Blood, his ſoule Face laues, than Warres worſe farre.
In one of theſe fierce Monſters ſhotteſt raigne;
Records report, an hundred thouſand ſlaine.
Nocent the third, (I take *in* from the *Nocent*)
So many thouſands in one Slaughter ſpent.
O thou (in truth) Saints ruth, All *red* (oft *read*)
VVith Blood of many Martyrs Martyred.
Slaine corps doe con-corrupt my life (alas)
That Hee Saints *Homicide* ſo long doth paſſe.
And when (O Chriſt) thy Seruants ſlaine I ſee,
Ore-flowing Floods mine eyes I wiſh to bee.
In that *Pariſian* Shambles, knowne too well;
How many guiltleſſe *Lambes* in one weeke fell?
VVhilſt *Paris*, then more *blood* did drinke, than *Wine*:
That Towne, that time, a Tempeſt was Sanguine.
Forewarn'd, learne wiſedome, doe not Chriſt deſpiſe:
VVhom, ſoone, Romes Shambles brings to Butcheries.
Alas, Hee's not Sheeps *Feeder*, but *Confounder*:
Black-cankered Conſcience, *Ouicide*, Sheepe-wounder.
Hee which growes great by ſacred Saints perdition:
Haſtens to Hell with guilty Expedition.

Thine

Thine, plagues (O Christ) by Sufferance, ſubiugate:
For, what they cannot ſhun, they tolerate.
To theſe, Lifes want is Life; their Death, no Death:
Conqueſt, their Croſſe; to liue, to loſe their breath.
Goodnes, *their Gold*; the World, their Pot, Griefe, Flame:
Their Fleſh, the Reed; their Hammer, God; to frame.
Blood founded firſt Chriſts Church, by blood, it grew:
Blood ſhowres, It cheeres; by Blood tis of red hiew.
With Blood, Vice-Chriſt, Chriſts Foldes doth filthifie:
See, Men of God; See, Popiſh Piety.
Of Romes falſe doctrines, many Scraps remaine:
Which my *cloſe* Hedge is too *cloſe* to containe.
Index Expurgatorius, Bookes great Bane:
A Worke, well knowne, diſhoneſt, crafty, vaine:
Robs, or *rubs* out much antique learned Treaſure;
Pils or *puls* out much, at the Popes diſ-Pleaſure.
His Cenſure ſuffocates Mens Births, (their Bookes)
Takes out plaine Truths, puts in vile ſpurious Crookes.
O horrid, hatefull, Slaught'r-Houſe, foule, nefarious:
To Godly Bookes, a plague, a torture various.
The Fathers *Strayes*, not *Sonnes* (then) Papiſts Name;
Though *Fathers theirs*, All theirs, *ſtill* theirs they claime.
Their *Poſtils*, *Packets* are of Trumperies;
Hee which in them can find no Wit, is wiſe.
'Tis plaine, All Papiſts are *Traditioniſts*:
Who terme and trouble vs for *Scripturiſts*.
Which be, or *what*, or *how many* Traditions;
Or *where* they are, ſcapes (yet) Romes *Inquiſitions*:
Yet *Theſe* muſt be obſeru'd religiouſly,
And be embrac'd with Scriptures dignity.
What-e're hath part of neither *Word* nor *Writ*:
With *Word*, and *Writ*, in equall State muſt ſit.

Thus *Clementines*, and *Asinines* poore packs;
(Wherewith the Pope his Library well thwacks)
And God knowes what trim toyes, and *Decretals*,
Muſt be Gods ſacred Scriptures Corriuals.
Thus that bleſt *Booke* muſt haue no bleſſed vſe:
More Wealth, more worke from others, Popes produce.
Reliques, more than *Religion*, they reſpect:
And more than *Churches*, *Chimnies* they affect.
His *Agnus Dei*'s made of Waxe moſt pure,
Hee makes the Worlds great *Wens* and *Sores* to cure.
And hee which will not bleſt Saluation miſſe:
Muſt ſtraitway ſtriue the Popes bleſt Foote to kiſſe.
Water with *Wine* (after Romes cuſtome) mixt;
Aſſures poore Soules to be with Chriſt faſt fixt.
The *Thorney Crowne* (O Chriſt) which wrought thy woe:
A *Golden Crowne*, on a bald-pate, doth ſhow.
A *Cocke*, on Pinnacles of Temples plac't,
Warnes All with *Peter* to Repentance haſte.
Waxe-Tapers, burnt, to grace the Noone-daies light:
The *Gentiles promiſ'd-Light*, declare, moſt right.
But (ſure) *thoſe Lights*, doe plainely intimate;
The Popes Soules-darkneſſe, and his friends retraite.
It alſo ſhewes, that Papiſts hate Day-light,
And, moſt like Owles, ſee beſt in darkeſt Night.
Much Faith boiles in his braine; his Heart holds none:
And whilſt he brags of Good, his Work's not ſhowne.
A *Pater Noſter* ſaid, puts ſinnes away:
If thou it ſay, reſay thrice, oft a day.
Theſe taſte to me, as *Gall* to Chriſt did taſte:
What-ere I read, taſte, truſt, proue; All proues waſte.
What vertue by Chriſt crucified growes,
The *Mimick-Maſſe*, Popes *Cleopatra* ſhowes:

Faire

Faire *Phillis*, *Philomel*, *Calliope*:
Venus, *Meliſſa*, and *Melpomene*:
This Romes Religion her *Palladium* hath,
This the *Idea* of the Romiſh Faith.
Heere *Babels Bawde* ruffles in ſilke and gold:
In ſhining *Syndon* ſheltring theſts moſt bold.
And with cleane clothes hir damned Dens doth hide,
That Shee of none a rauening Wolfe be ſpide.
Her *Face* to *grace*, the Popes Spouſe ſpares no charge:
For Satans Maske, Shee needs not pay ſo large.
Vnto All ſicke, All ſound, at all times (ſure)
The *Maſſe* a *Medcine* comes, them all to cure.
If thou thy Swine ſicke of the Meaſels ſee,
A ſoueraigne Salue the *Maſſe* will make to thee.
A Veniall or a Mortall Sinne to cleere,
The *Maſſe*, Gods Might, a preſent Helpe drawes neere.
Who heares a *Maſſe*, ſhall not by day waxe old:
If the *Maſſe-monger* be well paide with Gold.
For, the Heau'ns Poles (the Maſſe neere tyr'd) ſtand ſtill:
And lazie *Lacheſis*, leaues Wheele and Quill.
For *quicke* and *dead*, there, prayr's and off'rings bee:
The *Maſſe*, (*Meſſias*) is an *Ape* of *Thee*.
Nay more, the Prieſt (ſtrange wonder) dawb'd with Oyle:
By's *Hoſte*, can Chriſt to's Father reconcile.
Ith' *Euchariſt* (O Chriſt) God giues vs Thee:
Canſt thou againe by Prieſts to God giu'n be?
Thou art (O Chriſt) our Prieſt and Sacrifice:
What power, ſo like, in vnlike *Maſſe-Prieſts* lyes?
O Pandects of impure Impiety!
Which th' impious Maſſe doth ſeldome let paſſe by.
If once a man to *Maſſe* admitted bee:
Goodneſſe and Faith omitted he ſhall ſee.

A Puppet-playing Prieſt, makes (O foule crime!)
Chriſts Paſſe-ouer, Sport, to *paſſe-ouer* time.
They, ſure, which did *Maſſe-matters* inſtitute;
Than *Chriſt, Paul, Peter*, were farre more acute.
The Prieſt ſaies Maſſe, the idiot people mutter:
While old-wiues, *petty, pretty* pray'rs doe vtter.
A ſtrange Tongue talkes, but *ſenſe* none *thence* can picke:
Thus *Fickle* Fooles, *Brittle*-glaſſe, Bottles licke.
Let him on th' idle Stage ſee playes and Sights;
Which would got ſee, heare, loue, and know Maſſe Rites.
Hee which conceiues not, heares not: Euen ſo Hee,
Heares, ſees in vaine, which voide of ſenſe, doth ſee.
Not *Sentences*, but *Senſe* enlights the minde:
Conſent is gone, if *Senſe* we doe not finde.
O how the *Munc-key* in his Surplis white;
The *merry-Maſſes* and *Maſſing-Prieſt*, playes right.
With hearty laughes, my heart in me would chatter;
When I but read the *Maſſes merry-matter*.
Muſick ſo much, ſweet *Songs*, ſhrill *ſinging out*;
Romes ſacred *Syrens* doe ſo chaunt about.
Theſe cunning tricks, Kings facinate, and All
Quaffe her adulterous *Nectar ſp'rituall*.
Chriſts *Ranſome*, thus, and our *Redemption* pay,
Shee ſells, and ſits, for gaine in *Harlots* way.
If then by Chriſts blood thou thy ſoule wouldſt ſaue;
The *Pope*, (Soules *Hope*) *Maſſe*, as *Meſſias*, craue.
If thou the Worlds *Sin-purger* faine wouldſt buy;
I'th' *Maſſe* for *Money* hees ſold eaſily.
For a ſmall *price*, the *Maſſe* makes Thine (cock-ſure)
Chriſts Merits, which Hee dearely did procure.
Caiaphas doted, when hee paid ſo deere,
T'haue Chriſt betray'd, Hee's bought far cheaper heere.

O formidable God, Heau'ns high Commander:
Seeſt thou, yet ſuffreſt this nefarious ſlander:
The ſacred Cou'nant, Iuſtice, Rites, bleſt Hope:
So oft abuſde, miſuſde, by Romes proud Pope.
O can thy boundleſſe Longanimitie,
To iudge this monſtrous *Maſſe*, yet ſtill paſſe-by?
O can thy endleſſe Mercy tolerate,
The *Maſſe*, *Meſsias* Rights, to arrogate?
Though God be *ſlow*, he's *ſure*, to puniſh Pride:
And who his ſharpe ſeuere wrath can abide?
To ſtrike more ſure; his Sword he lifts vp long:
His *Leaden-Heeles*, bring *Hands* of *ſteele* moſt ſtrong.
O Deuils deuice, accurſed feaſting place:
Damned *maſſe* of the *Maſſe*, ſinnes *bundle* baſe!
O Pope prophane: which with ſuch monſters vilde:
So idle Idols, haſt Gods Houſe defilde.
Art thou Gods *Parſon* proud, Faiths *Lampe* moſt light?
Curate of all Gods Cures, his *Arch-Leuit e?*
Thee, Faiths *defiler*, Chriſts, his Churches *Foe*,
My obligated Verſe, to th'world ſhall ſhow.
Whilſt life doth laſt, the *Whet-ſtone* of my Rhimes:
My Verſes Venome, ſhall be Romes foule Crimes.
And while my *Pen* may play the *Satyres* part,
Rome ſhall be *ſtript* and *whipt*, and ſoundly ſmart,

OF THAT BLASPHEMOVS FALSE-FICTION OF MERIT, AND OF WORKS OF SVPEREROGATION, to the Derogation of Christs honour.

THE FIFTH SATYRE.

The Argvment.

On Romes Bawds brow is branded Blasphemie,
Whose Marke, marke here, in this grosse Heresie.

WHo (*Pseudo-Prophet*, of false Prophets) can
Thy thundring Blasphemies discusse or scan?
Christ merited (Thou'lt say) that thou mightst merit:
And *Merits* dipt in his *Bloud* dost inherit.
With *Merits* mingling Christ, dost *Monsters* make:
Which from *Workes-wages*, and *Faith*, fashion take.
Strange iugling *Trickes* of *Merits*, thou dost plot:
And mak'st Christs-selfe to merit God knowes what?
By *Merits*, thou (for so the *Bargaine*'s made,
Twixt God and Thee) hast for Gods Kingdome paid.
Saluations *Sterne*, and *Foredecke*, *Merits* are:
Thy Faith's in Christ, for *Faiths Deserving-share*.

Sole

Sole Faith is no Faith; is a Carkaſſe dead,
Nothing almoſt, rude lumpe, a fant'ſie fled.
With *Merits*, *Grace-Mediatrixe* ſaues (thou ſayſt)
But vaine is Hope on God alone that's plac't.
Faith fixt on God, confuſde, retires, retorts;
But fixt on *Thee*, *Thy* goodneſſe, *It* ſupports.
Faith *Phyſicke* is; truſt in Phyſicion's fraile:
And, without thine owne worke, *Both* theſe will faile.
Thy pray'r, is, Lord, for *Merits*, *Mercie* ſhow:
And thy *deſires* deſired as *debts* that grow.
Boldly thou'dſt breake-ope heau'n Gates by *Merit*:
And make thy ſelfe and thine, Gods Throne inherit.
As *Ixion* did his Cloud, thou'lt *this* imbrace:
As thy chiefe *Light*, *Delight*, and heauenly *Grace*.
Merits ſuperfluous ſcums and ſcraps thou'lt ſell:
(*Apothecarie* kinde) to *All* not well.
Who ere wants *Merits*, thou canſt fill him full:
And out of *Trunks* and *Treaſuries*, them pull.
The *Iuſt* doe ſupererogate, thou'lt ſay:
And for himſelfe and his, *On*, merit may.
Such *Iuſt* are ſuperarrogating *Elues*:
And merit not for *Others* nor *themſelues*.
Stealing *Saints Merits*, thereby to get gold:
Th'art *Merits-Thiefe*, Merits vnfruitfull mold.
I wonder where this *Cheſt* of *Merits* ſtood:
Ith' dayes of our *Iſachian Patriarchs* good.
Did Rome keepe this trim Treaſure of ſuch worth;
That afterwards Romes Lord might bring it forth?
For, if Romes *Ioue* a golden gobbet haue:
He'le ſtraight raine-downe a ſhowre of *Merits* braue.
Gods *gifts* are *free*, the Elect get grace vnbought:
The Popes *gifts* are at *moſt deare prices* ſought.

Ith'

Ith' Scriptures, none, can *Tubs* of *Merits* finde:
But, there (we reade) *Grace* gratis giues (moſt kinde)
Vpon Chriſts *blood*, God, our ſoules health did place:
Canſt thou then ſell this *Ranſome* (Pedler baſe)
Tis a deepe *Whirlepoole* of moſt impious bane:
Which muds the ſtinking *Læna* of thy braine.
Chriſt ne're (thou ſayſt) t'vs *Righteouſneſſe* imputes:
Yet Rome, *Saints-Righteouſneſſe*, t'vs attributes.
Did free Saint *Francis* grant what Chriſt did not?
Thy pate and partie Phyſicke might haue got.
For (ſure) all Saints (that none might *Merits* lacke)
Their *Merits* hid, ith' corners of thy *Sacke*.
At Rome alſo *Merits Exchange* doth ſtand:
Whoſe golden Keyes, are at thy chiefe command.
Porter whereof thou art, but in good time:
Thou mayſt be Butler, and ſo higher climbe.
And as Seas waues all on a heape doe flow;
Nereus being ne're the leſſe, when backe they goe:
So thou alone doſt all Saints Merits take:
And, ſell thou ne're ſo many, they ne're ſlake.
Tis in thy *power* to *poure-out* Merits treaſure:
For, all Store's truſted to the Stewards pleaſure.
Romes gracious ſtreames from her full veines doe thrill.
That *gratefull* ones may *gratis* drinke their fill.
Alas Chriſts troubled, *Truth* diſgraced *grace*:
What *Goods*, what *gifts*, giues Man, God to abaſe?
Hebrews and *Greeks*, no word for Merit haue:
Both Couenants God in *Greeke* and *Hebrew* gaue.
The *Faithfull* liue not by their *Righteouſneſſe*:
Life and ſoules health the *Iuſt* by *Faith* poſſeſſe.
Saints haue *receiu'd*, but Crownes did ne're *beſtow*:
And none to *lend* their *Righteouſneſſe*, I know.

Who

Who in himſelfe *perfection* ſeekes; Ith' *Graue*,
Seekes *Life*; which, he may ſeeke, but ne're ſhall haue.
He makes vp *Merit*, that he ſo may ſee,
Chriſts *Paſſion* ſpoild, and God no God to be.
Say *Peter*, when as Chriſt beheld thee weeping:
What *Merits* helpt thee? who had *them* in keeping?
Gods *grace*, is no *grace*, if not *gratis* giuen:
Doſt thou *deſerue* it? *Grace* is from thee driuen.
By ſinne, *firſt Adam*, *Hell* to vs did Merit:
By *ſecond Adam*, we may *Heau'n* inherit.
But whoſe *foule Seed* can giue a *faire conception?*
If no mans can, can I wretch, all infection?
My faith's moſt firme, that me poore wretch to ſaue:
Himſelfe God *valent*, and Chriſt *volent* gaue.
Each, *operiſt-Papiſt*, ſcraps of workes doth add:
And of's owne pureneſſe is halfe-Botcher badd.
In's *life time* oft times he *workes* aid doth truſt:
But, *dying*, he all's *Workes* away will thruſt.
O helpeleſſe *Hope*, on *Merits* to relie!
Who, truſt ſuch faithleſſe faith, ſoone fall thereby.
Such hapleſſe *Hope*, by hoping ſpoiles poore wretches:
Whoſe care to keepe, by too much care bewitches.
Sole Faith is *Sole Cauſe*, of Soules health aſſur'd:
Chriſt ſayes to th'ſicke, *beleeue*, and thou art cur'd.
When Chriſt our Lord with ſoules betrothings hath;
His *Nuptials* buſie *Bride-Maide* is *ſole faith*.
The *debtour*, than the *Creditour's* more baſe:
If workes make *God* our *debtour*, where's his *grace?*
Can *Workes* worke-out my puniſhments *remiſſion?*
To worke my *Bliſſe*, adde *Merits* leaſt addition?
Can I by *Merits* my ſoules *ſore-eyes* cure?
Are Theſe the *Sope*, ſweet *Waſh-Bals*, blots to pure?

Note this myſterie of iniquitie.

Muſt heau'ns bleſt *Harueſt*, workes baſe *huskes* requite?
Muſt *one-howres* worke, enioy *Ioy infinite*?
Muſt I with *Merit-Oyle*, enlight my feet?
Leſt I with *light leſſe lampe*, the *Bridegroome* meet?
Whom, Chriſts *Words*, *Wounds*, *laue*, *ſaue*, and ſanctifie:
Can worthleſſe *Workes*, *thoſe* better beautifie?
Can *Merits* driue-backe *Deaths darts* deadly rage?
Is *merit* my ſoules wholeſome ſoueraigne *Sage*?
Can *Traſh* pay *Treaſure*, *Drugs* and *Droſſe*, pay *gold*?
Can *mites*, with *mounts*, *minutes* with *myriads* hold?
Can my *deſerts*, Chriſts *death*, *deſerts*, deſerue?
Such proud *opinions* from true *wiſdome* ſwerue.
Since by Chriſts *Bloud*, 'tis plaine, I gaine ſaluation:
Heau'ns *wrath*, baſe *merit*, brings to conſternation.
I liue not of my ſelfe; if ſo, I die:
God is my *life*, the life of God wiſh I:
Whatſ'ere is tryde ith' *Furnace* of Gods frowne:
Is quickly, quite with furious flames, burnt downe.
What if mans *Workes* to th' world ſeeme ne're ſo faire:
If God be *Iudge*, all men moſt guiltie are.
Who, *Guiltie*, does Gods will? vnleſſe he doe it,
By *God*, firſt *Facient*; *He*, poore *patient*, to it.
All's elſe a *Shaddow*, *Chriſt* the *Subſtance* pure:
Chriſt is (alone) my Life, Saluation ſure.
Chriſts *Price* and *Ranſome*, my *Redemption* payd:
What then can *man* (*all* payd) to pay, be made?
Moyſes, *all* liuers *liues* ith *Bloud*, did place:
So in Chriſts *Bloud ſhed*, is my *life*, my *grace*.
Vertue, is *Vice*; if Grace, by Chriſt be none:
And if *we* ought doe well, 'tis *Gods* alone.
Nor (ſure) did *God confect*, but *Gall infect*,
Thoſe *Eyes*, which on Chriſts *Price* haue ill aſpect.

O let Christs precious *Bloud* my blest *Bath* be:
And not one *drop* of least *desert* in *me*.
O, be't my care, my selfe, a *Wretch* to view:
And no *desert* (but *death*) to be my *due*.
O *me*, *me* most vnworthy, heau'n to see:
So conscious am I of desert in me.
My *eyes* confirme, my *inward-parts* confesse:
Of *Merit*, my sad soules great *emptinesse*.
I feele *defects*, my life ore-laide with *woe*:
And I poore wretch (*these* gone) doe *nought else* know.
Gold, *Iasper Stones*, are foule, with *Christs blond* plac't:
Must not *deserts dregs*, (then) be more abac't.
When I am *wrencht* and *drencht* in Christs deere blood:
O let my *Merits*, be *hells* burning *Wood*.
Say, I had *liu'd well*, yet my *hope* might faile me:
But hauiug *liu'd ill*, *death* will (sure) assaile me.
Oh, from *deaths* danger *who* shall me wretch raise?
Herein (sweet Sauiour) *Thine* be all the praise.
The *hand-writing* of *Sinne* Christ quite defac't,
Which tane from Satan, on his *Crosse* he plac't.
If *Christ* Gods onely *Sonne*, *Lifes* orient *Sun*;
For *Me*, a *Seruant*, dire death would not shun:
Can *I*, a *Slaue*, Christs death, as my due claime?
And challenge *Life*, because *Christ death* did tame?
Bloud should flow from my deepe *torne worne* heart:
And all my *Marrow*, should sad *teares* impart.
I *merit nought*; *my selfe*, by no meanes saue;
Christ, my Redeemers *death*, this, to me gaue:
O may I die e're Christs Grace through me die:
For, *in me*, *of me*, *for me*, nought haue I.
O wash me, well ith' *Well* of thy *good will*:
Lest, guiltie *me*, my guiltie *deeds* doe kill.

O may my *filths* of *flesh*, my life lewd, base,
Deare Christ, be folded in thy kinde embrace.
Satans dire *Darts* assault me (Victor great)
Giue me sharpe *shafts*, that I may Satan beat.
I am, ith' world, *foyld*, *spoyld*, (O Iesu good)
Laue, *saue* my soule, ith' *Brooke* of thy blest blood.
I burne with *selfe-loue*, (O great Lord of *Loue*)
To burne with *thy Loue*, grant *grace* from aboue:
As *Lord*, the *Spirit*, as *Tyrant*, *flesh* I serue;
Oh tame the *Tyrant flesh*, my soule preserue.
Lest *Earth* me take, lest *Hell* me terrifie:
O hold me, heat me, with heau'ns *Fernencie*.
Let *Earths* fraile *toyes* to *Heau'ns* firme *Ioyes* giue place:
And sacred loue of *good*, Earths *Arts* quite chase.
I hate *all mine*, and that I be not *mine*:
I seeke thee, Christ, and sue to be *all thine*.
O let thy large, thy *Seamlesse coate* (most faire)
Paliate my *native filth*, and leaue none bare.
O *Lambe* of God, slaine from the worlds creation:
Thy *proper-Worke*, be my Propitiation.
With thy deare Saints (O Sauiour Christ I craue)
Me, thy most Suppliant, submisse seruant, saue.
The *euill* of *guilt*, and *punishment* I know:
This, *this* indeed's the *Merit* I can show.
But th'*euill* of *guilt* and *paine* and hells fierce *flame*,
Yea *hells* great *Lord*, I know *heau'ns Lord* did tame.
This is my constant faiths *confession*, hence,
Ile not be forc'd by fraud or violence.
He which (O Christ) trusts not *thy* sole sweet *Merit*:
Shewes *he*'s not *thine*, and shall not *thine* inherit.
Since all *thy* gracious *gifts*, me farre surpasse:
Can my *naught*, *nothing*, merit ought (alas.

Whosoe're

Whoſ'ere (O Chriſt) an *hundreth Pence* Thee owes:
Vnto *ten thouſand Talents*, My debt growes.
Within Mee, *Sinne*: a *Maſſie Mountaine* hath:
Sins Mountaine to remoue, Lord, ſtrength my *Faith*.
Leaſt I (O God by Deaths *ſting* wounded be:
Behold my Sauiours *Wounds* wide-ope, for mee.
O Thou which *Bottleſt vp* Thy Saints *Teares*, All:
Let not, *theſe* of thy Seruant, fruitleſſe fall.
The *Bane* of *Sinne*, my *Blood* of *Teares* deſcries:
And *me*, my ſweet Redeemers *thirſt*, euen fries;
Free me, from *Death*, and from lifes *guilt* me cleare:
And for my *Spots*, O let Chriſts *Stripes* appeare.
If Chriſt for's *Seruant*, vndue *debts* did pay:
Let not the *Seruant* pay, what's payd, I pray.
O Ieſus, which of *heart*, *reines*, *Searcher* art:
To thee, I (here) ſacrifice *reines*, and *heart*.
I thee beſeech, euen by thy bloody *Sweat*:
Thy *Teares*, *Fears*, *Throes*, whom *loue* vnduſtly beat:
Let all my *hope*, to thy ſure *Seale* be fixt;
With none of my *ſelfe-Merit* to be mixt.
This is my ſerious, pious proteſtation:
Confirm'd, from falſe dogmaticke alteration.
Chriſt hath ingulft me in his *Sea* of *Loue*.
Bare, poore, impure, I'm (here) a milke-white Doue.
Here is my *Hope*, firme *Faith*, *Pledge* of ſaluation:
This, this faire fount, flowes to my reſtauration.
If th'*Ocean* of Chriſts *Blood*, me, all keepe in:
'Twill purely purge my *Blots* and *Spots* of ſinne.
Let *this*, *this*, *this*, bleſt *Lambe* with's holy hide:
Cloath me, and let me, thine (O Chriſt) abide.
Sweet Sauiour of the world, Ieſus moſt kinde:
Let me thy *Mercies*, in thy *Merits* finde.

Gold, Incenſe, Myrrh, of *Praiſe*, I humbly bring;
As *Lord*, take *Incenſe*, *Man*, *Myrrh*; *Gold*, as *King*.
What-ere is *Thine*, and thou to th' *World* mad'ſt free:
All thoſe, *Thy Loue*, makes proper vnto *mee*.
With godleſſe *Goates*, adiudge mee not to ſtand:
But, with thy *Sheepe*, ſet me at Thy *Right Hand*.
Whom Thou held'ſt *deare*, and *deare* for me didſt pay:
Now, count not *Vile*, as willing my decay.
For, without *Thee* (O Chriſt) I ſay, and ſhall:
I, either *Death* deſerue, or *Nought* at all.
But, ſince, for *vanquiſht Me*, thou'rt *Victor*-wiſe:
My *paine* is Thine; Thy *Palme*, is made my *prize*.
My due-*Deaths-draft* (O Chriſt) *Thou* firſt drank'ſt vp:
When, Thou for mee, didſt ſay, *Let paſſe this Cup*.
O let my *Death*, by thee, be Deaths *decay*:
And in thy *Loue*, to leaue *Life*, no delay.
Let *Grace*, be my lifes louely *Morning-light*:
Then *Glory*, will bee th' *Euening-Starre* moſt bright.
By *thy* deare *Death*, and *Life*, let *mee*, Deaths *due*:
Obtaine ſure hold on *Lifes Hire*, moſt vndue.
And let thy glorious Beames of Goodneſſe ſhine
Vpon this *ſparkling Faith*, faint heart of mine.
Yea, where all plenteous *pleaſures*, from thy Torrent,
And *Loue-Floods* flow, from thy ſtill-ſtreaming Current:
Let mee drink deepe, from that deepe *Spring* moſt cleere,
And with Thy *Blood* My thirſty *Heart* re-cheere.
Let *Thy Death* be *my Hoſte*; Thy *Paines*, my *Pay*;
Thy *Croſſe*, my *Crowne*, Thy *Sores*, my Salues alway.
Whileſt Life doth laſt (O Chriſt) I'le deadly hate,
Thy Romiſh *Riuall*, I'le repudiate.
Thus, then, Mans *Lies*, *Blaſphemies* arrogate,
Merit by's *Workes*; from Chriſts *Deeds* derogate.

Thus,

Thus, to Mans *Merits*, Chriſt muſt now giue place:
And to *Romes Ruler* render *Throne* and *Grace*.
And, thus, Chriſts godly goodly *Vicar*, hath
Gods Power diſdain'd, prophan'd the Name of *Faith*.
His *Merits* Meritoriouſly doe Merit,
That he ſhould *Hell*, but neuer *Heau'n* inherit.
For *Merits*, Heau'n Hee'l ſell, the *Church* defile:
And *Chriſt* to *Belial* Hee dares reconcile.
O Rome, is *this* thy *Zeale?* thy *Church* ſo faire?
Did Chriſt charge *Peter* thus for's *Flocke* to care?
With ſuch *Tartarean* termes (*Church*-Scourger braue)
Dar'ſt Thou Gods *Iuſtice*, free-*grace*, whip, depraue?
If any *ſenſe* in thy blunt *Breſt* doth ſtay:
Antichriſts noted *Notes*, theſe be, thou'lt ſay.
But, I am hopeleſſe, by my *Verſe*, to frame
On th' *Anuill* of thy *Heart*, Senſe of thy Shame.
See, then, Romes *Faith*, Romes holy Church, now ſee:
How like to *Peters*, *Hee* and his *Faith* bee.

OF

OF

THAT LOVDE LYE, AND FOND FICTION OF TRANSVBSTANTIATION.

THE SIXTH SATYRE.

The Argvment.

When I receiue (O Christ) Thy Body bleſt;
The Signes, in Subſtance, ſtill the ſame doe reſt.

ROmes *Tenebrous* Beaſt ſtrãge *Errors* belcheth vp,
And Heretikes, Schiſmatikes feeds, breeds vp.
More *Hereſies* from *Peters* proud *Chaire* ſpring,
Than all Chnrch, Chappell Pewes could euer bring.
Much I paſſe-o're, ſince (els) my Muſe would be
Too too prolixe (kinde Reader) vnto Thee.
But yet, ther's *One*, ſprung from the *ſeuen-fold Whore*,
Prodigious, horrid, fond, ne're found before,
Amphibious *Gorgon*; whereby *Subſtance* ſlips:
This, this, my *Tiſiphonike Satyre* whips.
Heere, hath my *Pen* large Liſts, aboundant ſtuffe:
Heere, to tryumph my *Rhyme* hath *roome* enough.
Heere, Waues waues ouerflow; Depths inuocate
Depths; Heer's a *Meane* to bee immoderate.

This

This nointed, big-*Brood*, *Acoherentine Crue*;
In's *Masse* createth a *creator* new.
Surely, tis more *Christ*, than a *World*, to make:
Nor, ere, did God, to make God, vndertake.
But Popish *Chymicks* make a thousand Gods:
Priests (then) are greater *gods* than God, by odds.
Ith' *Masse-Priests mouth*, what so great vertues are,
That *Hee*, with's *Mouth*, his God can *make*, and *marre*?
Surely, hee hath some rare resistlesse power:
Whereby hee *makes* and *vnmakes* God, each houre.
Christs *Flesh* (ith' *Masse*) This *Flesh-feeder* eats vp:
And this *blood-bibbing Bishop*, Blood doth sup.
With *Murther*, stain'd is this *Christ-killing Hoste*:
Whilst hee Gods *Flesh* with's *Fangs* to teare doth boaste.
Indeed, besides this Popish *Caniball*,
Of *Men*, not *God-deuourers*, read wee shall.
Grant, *This* grosse *Errour*, and grant *thousands moe*;
Which from *this* horrid *Hydra*, thick, would grow.
Mee thinkes, I see *Serpents* on *Gorgons* pate,
When this *Gorgonish Act* I meditate.
This *Christ-eater*, with's *Cyclops* throat wide ope:
With griping *Clawes*, with grinding *Iawes* (the Pope)
* *Lycaons* filthie Feasts doth celebrate:
And * *Lastrigons* curs'd Cates doth deuourate.
For, *Hee* to's holy Cheere inuites (most kind)
Sharpe *Teeth*, good *Stomacks*, but no godly *Minde*.
Proud *Iayes* are they, not *Eagles*, which thus dare
Forecast to come, to eate Christs dainty fare.
Not *Abra'am*, *Patriarchs*, nor blest *Prophets* all:
Who, yet enioyd this *Heauenly Mysticall*.
Could *thus* eate Christ, could *thus* haue saving grace,
For, *God Mans-Flesh* was, then found in no place.

* *A King of Arcadia, who to the Iupiters god-head, feasted in the flesh of certaine young gentlemen of the Molossians at a Feast which he made to Iupiter, who in detestatiō of that foule fact, fired his Palace, and turned Lycaon into a Wolfe.*

* *Another kind of Canibals in Campania.*

And, since by Christ, *Grace*, *Life's* alike to me:
Christ to receiue, to me like rule, let be.
With *mouth* and *teeth*, I take not (sure) Soules meate:
This, with my *mind*, *heart*, *Faith*, I take and eate.
My *Hearing* eates, my *Knowledge*, Christ doth chew:
And liuely *Faith* digests Him in me to.
I taste Christ with *Hearts Pallate*, there, confinde,
That *Feast's a Food*, not of the *Mouth*, but *Minde*.
Christs *Presence*, is *Faiths Charge*, Christs *reall being*
Is sure ith' Supper, to each firme *Faiths Seeing*.
Yea, Christ to those that thus believe, is slaine:
Whose blest Oblation, still doth *Faith* sustaine.
Againe, each vnbaptized *Infant* small,
Once borne, and washe in the *Fount Mysticall*:
Hee should with Christ haue no Community:
If *Corps* must *Corps*, *Flesh*, *Flesh*, touch needfully.
Herod did (once) but some young Infants smite:
The Popes opinion damnes *All Infants* quite.
Besides, Hee which believes not, Christ may eate:
And thus, to *Dogs*, *Hogs*, *Mice*, Christ may bee Meate.
Yea, *Judas*, thus, with *Peter* hath full share:
Christs Body is to *Both*, like daintie fare.
Can hee which is not Christs, vpon Christ feede?
Are God and Satan *Partners* well agreed?
Or can Christs *Members* in Christs *Body* rot,
Which, *bold-fac'd* Rome, to broach abroad, shames not?
O Mad Religion, strange Diuinity!
Clergies faire *Helen*, Popes fond Fantasie!
Bread makes a *God*, as *Mice* may *Camels* make.
Not so: The Popes opinion wee mistake.
But Sure, (although the *Trident Councell* wife,
The same, to Christs *Guests* more than once denies)

The

The same meanes which in *Baptisme* Christ containes:
The same ith' *Supper* also Christ retaines.
This *feeds*, That *breeds*, by Christs Concorporation:
I'm *Bred*, and *Fed*, by the same Obligation.
Symbolike *Signes* we all in *Baptisme* see:
Therefore the *Signes* ith' *Supper* vnchang'd bee.
In Christ I liue, as I of Christ am made:
What Grace conuerts, concernes mee, as is saide.
Vnion giues *Life*, *Communion* It sustaines:
That *was* the Spirits, This still the Spirits remaines.
But, truely, truely, (for this truth's most true)
And *Faith*, to be *Truths Daughter*, ought most due)
What's made of *Bread* oth' *Virgin* is not made:
Nor was Christs *Being*, from a *Bread-corne* blade.
Nor was the *Promis'd Seed* of *Graines* weake power,
Nor *Mary* blest, a *Mother of fine Flower*.
Nor did the *Roote of Iesse*, beare *Eares of Corne*:
Nor was *Iud's Lion* of *Iland-Acres* borne.
Nor *Floods*, or *Cleo's Birth*, the *Dragon* bred:
Nor could a *Wheat-Eare* breake the *Serpents Head*.
Besides, I feele this bruis'd, *assum'd*, *consum'd*:
Where was Christs *Body* then may't be *presum'd*?
Absurdly, *absurd* Fooles, *absurd* things teach:
And to th' *Absurd*, *absurd* opinions preach.
Out *Field* is fil'd with troopes of *Reasons* good:
Which Popish *Paradoxies* make to skud.
When Christ, *Himselfe*, the *Bread of Life* did name:
Before, and *after that*, Christ was the *Vine*.
Christ is a *Vine*, the *Way*, the *Life*, who could
In Him *grubes*, *gnats*, *lines*, *faults*, *blanders*, *blots* neuer?
Thus Christ saies of himselfe, yet I dare say
Of *Vine*, *Way*, *Life*, no *Transsubstantiation*.

Why then ith' *Supper* should a *change* be made?
'Cause Christ of *Bread*, *This is my Body*, said.
What if huge *Heapes* of *Loaues* were consecrated?
Must all to *Flesh* be forth-with *Transmutated*?
What if a *Groomes Horse-Bread* be consecred?
Will it straight into *Flesh* be alter'd?
What if the *holy-Hoste* be eate in *Lent*?
Will it be turn'd to *Flesh* incontinent?
At that time (I thinke, rather) tis *Fish made*:
For, *Flesh* to eate, in *Lent*, Popes haue gaine said.
How well Romes *Pythagorean Foole* doth act;
Does *things forbidden*, *forbids* his owne *Fact*.
Tis *Witty Folly*, Fathers *foolish Wit*
To *Stab* his *Statutes*, his *Sirs* heart to split.
This Popish, *Metamorphosis* most vild,
Hath Natures Lawes pild downe, Gods Lawes defil'd.
Faiths Nerues and ioynts it *reaues* and *cleaues* in sunder:
And brings in *Doctrines* new, with hideous wonder.
These *working Words*, *This is my Body*, They,
No *Type*, or mysticke meaning haue, dor say.
Yet heer's a *Trope*: for, heer's a *Transmutation*:
Thus they deny, euen *their owne* affirmation.
Truth's Force and *Strength* is great, most certainely:
And makes His Foes his *praise* to testifie.
Thus, oft-times *Theeues*, fatally faults confesse:
Traitors owne mouthes their trecheries expresse.
For *Sacraments*, the Papist placeth *Toyes*;
And, for a *Trope*, Tropicall *Tricks* employes.
Deiects what Hee *erects*; *grants*, what's *gain-said*:
Puls downe the *House* which his owne Hands haue made.
Peruerse Conuersion doth *peruert* Sense found:
An impious *Glosse* doth Truths pure *Glasse* confound.

For,

For, forced by the *words* true *force* and *scope*:
The *Testiment*, cald a *Cup*, they say's a *Trope*:
And why ist not a *Trope*, when *Bread* is nam'd
Christs body: is here other *speech*, *forme* fram'd?
He's *non-plusd*, now; his fond *opinion* frights him:
And *Heresies* owne *hand*, hereat, euen smites him.
Incredulous, quite faithlesse may I be,
Y'ere I (dull Papist) fixe my *Faith* to thee.
Many such false, fain'd *Iliads*, yet haue I:
All which to whip, *one day* cannot *supply*.
Not *all* of Christ, but *whole* Christ, each where stayes;
This, ancient *Fathers* faith affirmes, and sayes;
If, then, Christs *flesh* be not in eu'ry place;
Sure, 'tis not *flesh*, ith' *Masse*, in any case.
If, *Bread* it be, and must his *Body* be:
Then, of his *Body*, 'tis no *Signe* to me.
The *Body*'s not the *Type*: the *Type*, It, shades:
If *things* themselues be *Types*, the *Type* (then) fades.
All other holy *things*, their *Signes* ne're change:
That *Signes* change, *onely* here; Is it not strange?
Surely these pendent *Seales* assure, alone,
That *Promise* which Gods *Word* had me fore-showne:
And sacred *Seales* their *Patents* ne're oppose:
Therefore, both *Signe* and *Substance*, Christ enclose.
But by the *Word* our *Mouthes* must not Christ chew:
This *Supper* (then) *Words Seale*, makes not this true.
This *Reason*'s *Eagle-ey'd*, in *truth* quicke-sighted:
And what It sees, is quickly erudited,
This *Reason* seemes with radient *Sun-beames* written:
With so pure *Light*, the *sight* is thereby, smitten.
But now, here's *one*, and *one* in stead of *All*:
Which, *thunder-throttles* Romes *faith* mysticall.

If, vnder, *shew* of *Bread*, Christs *flesh* be made:
Are *snares* of *death* in this *flesh* closely laide?
Henrie the *seuenth*, *Emp'rour* of *Germanie*,
By *Poyson* in a *Masse* (foule fact) did die.
But, sure, Christs *flesh*, with *Poyson*, ne're was mixt:
True *Life*, not *Death*, is to Christs *flesh* affixt.
Tis strange, Christs *flesh* ith' *Poyson* did not die:
When *venome* in that *Murthering-Masse* did lie.
I wonder, when the *Frier*, ith' *Fire*, did throw
The *Host*: whether Christs *Flesh* he did it know.
Fond *foole*, thy learned *lectures thee* confound:
And thine owne *cords*, haue thee in *snares* fast bound.
What need I striue t'oppose, *Thee* with my *Shield?*
When thine owne *Sword* wounds *Thee*, wins *Me* the field.
If *consecrated-Bread* so alterate,
That *Masse-Priests* may God to Christs *flesh* create:
As many *Loaues*, so many *Bodies* be,
As many *Bits*, so many *Gods* we see.
And, when Christ (first) his *Body* made our *meate*:
He did, *himselfe*, in *forme* and *substance* eate.
For, *what* he to his *twelue-Disciples* gaue,
Himselfe (I thinke) did raue: *Tibi*, all *Feasts* craue.
And (sure) that *Vine* whose *Wine* Christ then did drinke,
Gaue plentie of our Sauiours *Blood* (I thinke)
And, euen so oft, as *Bits*, Christs *Body*, bee:
So oft, his *Soule* from's *Body* torne hath he.
For (I beleeue) his *Soule* they cannot bake:
Their *foule-mouth'd-Masse*, thereof no power can take.
If *Thou'lt* on points (as *Vowels Vassall*) stand,
And not permit true *iudgement* thee command:
As *Bread* Christs *Body* is (*witnesse* Gods *Writ*)
So is the *Cup*, his *Blood*, (*Truth* proouing it.)

Any Cup, forg'd, by *any*, *any* Art;
To th'*Testament* in Christs *blood*, doth conuert.
Nor was (O Christ) blest *Marie*, more thy *Mother*,
Than *Goddesse-Masse* would be to thee *another*.
Nor were thy *Bones* (O Christ) broke on the *Crosse*:
But Popelings *Teeth* bruise, breake *them*, short as Mosse.
Nor could one *Body*, *all* Christs *Guests* suffice,
To take *least* part thereof, their *Soules* chiefe *price*.
And whilst *heau'n*, *earth*, (at once) this *flesh* containe:
His flesh continuous, Christ cannot retaine,
And, *mouldie Bread* (we all know) *Wormes* will breed;
Which, from Christs *Flesh* ('tis plaine) cannot proceed.
And *Wine* kept long in *Cups* will (sure) waxe *tart*:
But, thy sweet *Bloud* (O Christ) still, *cheeres* my heart.
And in thy *hand*, *crucifi'd flesh*, didst keepe:
(O Christ) before thou crucifi'd, didst sleepe.
Who e're doth striue these *strifes* to reconcile:
Doth lose, abuse, his *cost*, and *care*, the while.
Though the Popes triple Crowne thrice wreathed be:
It cannot, from these *Cobwebs*, sweepe thee free.
Why striue I then, *Mad-Masses* fantasies
To rouze to *Me*, or set before *Thine* eyes?
Behold, *I quickly come*, (saith Christ, and yet,
He comes not downe, to be with *mens teeth* bit.
Remaines, oth' *Passe-ore* (once) were burnt in fire:
Did they burne *ought* of *God* (then) I require?
Once, without sprinkled *Bloud*, *Offrings* were vaine,
And can a *bloudlesse-Masse*, Gods loue (now) gaine?
Ouer much *Wine* workes *Wits intoxication*,
And hath *Thy Bloud* (O Christ) like operation?
When 'mongst these *Masse-Priests*, *Wine* with *Water* greets
A *Whay-like flood* of *Bloud* and *Water* meets?

In

In shewes of *Bread*, lies Christs true *Body* here:
And does the *Same* in *many* a *Place* appeare?
Tis *All*, in *All*, and *All* in euery *Bit*:
Yet, in *this All*, no *Part*, a *part* doth fit.
Head, *Foot*, *Mouth*, *Shoulders*, *Stomacke*, *hand* and *Brest*,
Conioynd by *Place*, ne're *disioynd* from the *Rest*.
Pendulous Signes of *Substance* voyd, stand still:
Thus, doth this emptie *Aire* Their *Hunger* fill.
Bakers bake *flesh*, which is with *Blood* well knod,
So please the powerfull *Will* of Romes great *God*.
Corne, the *commands* of this *Masse-God*, obeyes;
Bids he a *Bit?* the *Bit* turnes *flesh* straightwayes.
And when his *Skill* the *Masse-Priest* list to show,
A *coste* of *crums* he giues and takes God fro.
When *Magicke sounds* the *Misse* once giues out:
The *flesh* is *fled*, the *Meale gone* out of doubt.
This *Maker* of his *Maker*, moues his *Lips*;
And straight, the *Bread* into Christs *Body* skips.
A *Change* most *strange*, foure *wondrous words* do make:
This comes, That goes, *something*, doth *nothing* take.
When I, by *Masse*, Popes made *Lasses*, see,
Then Ile beleeue, *Flower* turn'd to *flesh* may be.
Here's no *dimension* of the *Quantitie*:
Sensible Bodies Sense cannot descrie.
No *Rule* of *sight*, no set *Position being*,
No *Iudgement*, *Signe*, of *Things*, no *Reall* seeing.
Whether we eate Christs *Flesh*, *clothed* or *bare*,
This, to disclose is Romes *Apolles* care.
For, when *That Suppers Rites* Christ did ordaine,
* *Syndon* or Priest-like *clothes*, he wore, 'tis plaine.
But Christ ith' *Supper*, *naked* to eate, now,
Neither *Religion*, *Gesture*, *Shame*, allow.

* Or fine Linnen.

If

If we eat Chriſt in's *cloathes*, in *that* array,
What doe we eate? is *fleſh* a *Garment* gay?
Had I an hundreth-fold *Apollo*'s skill,
Did *Verſes* flow, like *Oceans* from my *Quill*:
I ne're could cleanſe th' *Augean* filthy *Stable*,
Lernaan Fen, found in this monſtrous *Fable*.
The *Bread* being coniur'd, by the *Maſſe-Prieſts* mumbling,
(As curſed Ghoſt) a *head-long* pace runs tumbling.
The bleſſed *Cruſt*, being *croſt*, a *fleſhy-lumpe*,
Into *Breads harbour* ioyfully doth iumpe.
Strange things I tell: Prieſts bluſtring *breath* can frame
Chriſts *Body*, as it was, in *All*, the *ſame*.
Imbak't in *fleſh*, incarnate in the *Bread*:
Chriſt, in the baniſht *Meale*, is couered.
And, *Who* (ſayd *Tully*, once) ſo voyd of *Wit*,
Thinks, *that*, his *God*, which he eates at a *Bit*?
Subſtance of *Bread* is tranſ-elementated:
Yet *nought*'s ith' *Bread*, which was not *there* firſt ſtated.
This fleſh, lacks *fleſh*; *This* ruddie *Red*'s not *Red*;
Much diff'rence, *here*, twixt *Flower* and *Flower* is bred.
Can *fleſh* lacke *fleſh*? And muſt not *Red*, *Red* be?
Who then ith' Popes *Braines*, *Braines* can hope to ſee?
The *ſame*'s, *here*, not the *ſame*, not knowne the *ſame*;
Eu'ry *Senſe*, *here*, deceiues, errs, limps, is lame.
The *ſame* thing's not the *ſame*, at the *ſame hower*;
What e're is, yet, *it ſelfe*, ſtraight, leaues *ſelfes power*.
This is my Body, *Is not* (if chang'd ſtraite)
The *Body* firſt t' a *Bit* doth alterate.
The *Subiect* fickle, *Adiunct* firme doth ſtay,
Th' *Effigiat*'s faſt, *Materiall*, flies away.
Something makes *Nought*, a *Body*, *Body* makes not.
What's *done*, is not *done*; what's *form'd*, *faſhion* takes not.

If any maine *Madnesse*, all others passe,
Tis *this*, Romes nimble *slight*, strange *sight* ith' *Masse*.
This monstrous *Metamorphosies* strange *charmes*,
Hath brotch'd abroad, vnciuill, ciuill *harmes*.
All the *Winds* blustring *Battailes*, *here*, haue met,
Numberlesse *Numbers*, with crosse *Coiles* doe fret.
Strife followes *Strife*, and, *Errours* ancient Crew,
Though payr'd, impayr'd, yet hatcht are *Hydra's* new.
For th' Body of Christ, scarce is Christs Church (O woe)
A Body: thus from *Peace* great *Warre* doth grow.
But here, we onely sing the furious fight
Twixt Romes * *Erichthons* and * *Andabats* hight.
Who are these Champions whom their drink makes good:
Bloud-suckers, and *God-eaters*, their dire food.
Friers doe fret, and *Sophisters* contend,
Schoolmen confcold, and threats on all sides send.
Discrepant *Bands*, their *Banners* pitch'd, flocke, flow:
Hoarse *Academies* vaunt; full *Theaters*, lowd-low.
Grammaticke *warres* doe rage, yea *warres* indeed,
Whence, *last Opinions* (oft) make, *first* to bleed.
Grammaticasters rise, *Munkes* mighrie *swarmes*,
Clatter together, *man* to *man*, *arme* in *arme*.
Petrus de Quercu, pugnes, oppugn'd is he,
By *Iohn de Monte-coth* fight valiantly.
Alphonsus fumes, hot *Hugo* frets much more:
Poore *Polus* pants, and *Lyra* lowd doth rore.
They which want *Proofes*, with wrangling *clamours* raue;
And seeme euen *Mad*, when they no *Matter* haue.
Iodocus proues *Fab's* improues, *Occam* approues,
Scotus euen foames at mouth, *Thomas*, *warne* moues.
Andradius, *Driedo*, *Cathrin*, *Carthusian*,
With sharpe confronts, *each one* doth play the *man*.

Guido,

* *Erichthonius was the sonne of Vulcan, hauing feet like a Dragon. There was also one Erichtho, a woman of Thessalie, famous for her multitude of poysons.*

* *Andabata were certain Fencers that fought blind-fold.*

Guido, *Capiſtran*, *Sote*, *Cope*, *Canus* ſtout,
With *vpſtart Errours*, driue the *Old-ones* out.
This, beates the *Aire*, *That's light* makes all more darke:
This, opes no *Knots*; nor *That*, can hit the *Marke*.
The *Victour*'s vanquiſht; *Cut-throate* killd by's ſor;
Aſſayld th' *Aſſaylant*; *Wounder*'s brought to woe.
Biell brings bloudy *Mars*; *Bellarmine* great,
Romes *Rabbi*, *warres*, *woes*, *blowes* and *threats* doth threat.
Bonner, he bleats, *Lindan* loues *Lullabies*;
Lumbard belubbard, to's dull *Doctours* hies.
Echhius and *Hoſius*, *Dorbell*, *Duns*, at duell,
Pighius grunts *Pigge-like*, *Alan* is moſt cruell.
Whoſ'ere may belch *whatſ'ere*, 'gainſt *Whomſoere*,
Cadmean troopes by their owne ſwords fall there.
O Pope, worlds *winking-light*, lifes *Rule*, faiths *Guide*,
Doe euen *Thine-Owne*; thy damn'd *Decrees* deride:
With what braſſe *Brow* wilt *Thou* deny, ſo bold,
This *Duell-Champion-flocke*, of thy Sheepfold?

OF

THE CORRVPT LIFE AND CONVERSATION, CVSTOMARY IN THE CITIE OF ROME.

THE SEVENTH SATYRE.

The ARGVMENT.

Know'ſt thou not, in what Citie, ſinne (moſt) growes?
He which but knowes the crimes of Rome, This knowes.

PErchance thou'dſt know the holy conuerſation
Of Rome, renown'd, for her *ſeuen-fold* foundation.
Old-Rome (if we may true Hiſtorians truſt)
Now in *new-Rome* lies buried in the duſt.
Papiſtry is a *Sprig* ſprung-vp from *Hell:*
An *All-vice-bearing Branch*, whoſe *Boughs* excell.
Rome is a *Den* of *Theeues*, *Worlds common-Stewes:*
A beaſtly *Cell* from whence all *Sinne* iſſues.
He, that knowes not, Rome on ſeuen *Hills* to ſit:
Is ignorant in Stories, hath no Wit.
Why art thou wroth (O *Babylon*) with me?
If, by my *Verſe*, thy knowne *Crimes* ſcourged be?
O *Wedlocke-hater*, whoſe anointed Hoſt
Of fat-cram'd *Clergie*, warre ſerues for thee moſt.

So

So much doſt *Thou* and *thine* ſweete *Marriage* hate?
Whores, before *Wiues*, to Loue and eſtimate.
Thou, and thy *Flockes* are (ſure) Spirituall:
So much that *Euill Spirit* defiles you all.
While Pope, *Siricius*, Prieſts their wiues gaine-ſaies:
The Temples *Sodome* ſhield, to God they raiſe.
Your *Single liues*, how chaſtely, cloſly led:
Oft, Infants *Golgothaes* haue witneſſed.
Oh how much better were their foule *Vowes* broke?
Than of *Lewd Liues* to beare ſo ſhamefull Yoke.
Maſculine Vertues ne're to Rome befall:
Things *carnall* fit not men *Spirituall*.
Oh, Romes Faith all her *Males* Emaſculates:
The World, with Pregnant *Virgins* exornates.
And that her moſt *pure* Church, may *purer* be,
Pure Friers, from their *pure* Nunnes *pure* Broods may ſee.
Many a nimble *Night-mare* Sp'rit is knowne,
To make ſuch *pure Sp'rit-hanted Virgins* groane.
Wiues of their *owne* thei'l none, *Neighbours* haue theſe:
In ſuch Fleſh (may be) they can God well pleaſe.
Religion, thus, hath foam'd vp *Luxurie*:
A *Lazie Life* bred many a *Prodigie*.
But yet (I hope) Romes Church and Chaire to pleaſure,
Thais (ith' Church) may iuſtly purchaſe treaſure.
Beſides, much *Gaine*, much *Godlineſſe* makes grow:
No *ſtinking Sauour* can from *Lucre* flow.
Oh, muſt Romes *Corban*, Temples pure prophane?
Muſt God take *Gifts* from *Strumpets* filthy gaine?
To horrid *Whoredomes* doſt thou Pardons grant?
From all good men all pardon thou muſt want.
Captiues haue *Freedome*, not for *Ill*, but *Good*:
This *Freedome* was procur'd by Chriſts bleſt Blood.

But now, behold, huge *Swarmes* from Romes full *ſtocke*,
Rare *Pompe* Pontificall, Spirituall *Floche*;
Myriades of Munckes, *Armies* of Eunuches kinde,
All which *twigs*, *ſprigs* ſprung from thy *Roote*, I finde:
Flockes of fat *Sheepe*, large *Drones* of *Weathers* faire:
Cling cloſe to *Thee*, thy *Warfare* ſtout they are.
So many holy *Fathers* graue, thou haſt,
So many *Nuns*, angelike *Virgins* chaſte:
So many fat *Papaſinines* vnmarried;
Grylls off-Spring, in religious *Armies* carried:
So many *Siſter-hoods*, *Fraternities*,
As ther be *twinckling Stars* in Froſt-faine Skies.
Deuouring *Sons* in Numbers Numberleſſe;
Sardanapalus Bands, in foule exceſſe:
Legions of *Locuſts*, *Heards* of holy *Hogs*;
Fœdifragous full *Flocks*, Worlds muddy *Bogs*.
Their *old-Religion* holds of nothing more,
Than *Bacchus* and their *Bellies* to adore.
Monſters, whom *Vertue* cannot free from *Vice*:
Such as from fertile Rome, ſpring in a trice,
To feaſt at Fun'rals, and to drinke pots dry:
Is *Worke* enough, is enough *Piety*.
Much *quiet*, dainty *Diet*, Lazie *Feaſt-dayes*:
Their fatted *Bellies* like blowne *Bladders*, raiſe.
Feaſters to be, not *Faſters*, they are knowne:
Whoſe glutted *Paunch* ſo far is ouergrowne.
What is a *Munck*? A *Fleſh-lump*, A *Wine-Pot*:
Whoſe *Salt* is *Life*, leſt hee corrupt and rot.
Circes (ſure) turn'd, by Magicke Medicine,
Swine into *Munckes*, or els, *Munckes* into *Swine*.
'Twixt *Country-men* and *Moules* ther's no ſuch ods:
As 'twixt *old-Muncks*, and our new-*Munckey*-clods.

Wha'ts

What's *Fryers* frothy *Troope?* A *Stygian Brood:*
Pamphagean Swarme of *Locuſts*, lacking food.
Wiſe *Graſiers* will not for *one* fat *Oxe*, buy
A *thouſand two-foote, bare-foote* Friers moſt ſly.
Many ſeeme proud, Chriſts naked *Name* t'embrace:
Whoſe wicked *Liues* deny Chriſt to his Face.
Many are *fir'd* with *Zeale*, whoſe Piety
Is but *gilt ore*; Religion, *Cruelty.*
Many of this Chriſt-preaching holy *Hoſte*,
Build *Heau'n* in *Word*, in *Life* build vp *Hell* moſt.
Whoredome with *theſe* is a *ſmall-Sinne*, and they,
Guilty themſelues, milde *Mulcts* vpon it lay.
Thus, Rome one *Stewes*, theſe *Staines* permits in any:
All Rome is (now) *one* Stewes, where firſt were *many.*
Biſhops, ſweet Swarmes, in euery Cell, *Muncks, Friars*,
Are *Fathers*, All; who this deny, are Lyers.
For, *they* that *Children* get, muſt *Fathers* be:
I know th'are *Such*; This Reaſon's firme for me.
Haue I not ſtir'd this *muddy Ditch* of thine?
Shall I thee ſhew the Popes *Guarde* ſoft and fine?
Romes Purple *Peeres*, and *Latian* Cedars tall,
Cardinall *Chorus*, glorious vnto all;
For Worldly *Ioyes*, Earths *Toyes* no iot contending,
Doe euen contemne, what each *New-Moone* can ſend-in.
With Viſage *Sage*, *Gownes* Flame-like, *red Hats* fine:
Oh how their *Liues* doe ſhew, their *Zeale* doth ſhine!
But truely (truth to ſay) their purple *Clothes*,
Waxe *red*, being di'de in *Blood* and bloody Oathes.
Chriſts *Lambes* they Butcher with inhumane ſpight:
Thus, their *Roabes* red, thus waxe their *Bonnets* bright.
Red-caps, diſdaine pure *Wine*, drinke yee pure *Blood*:
The *Spirit* ſpringing *thence*, is much more good.

Thus

Thus, by ſuch Ghoſtly *guides* Chriſts *Flocks* are fed:
And *Card'nals Functions* are thus finiſhed.
Thus, Chriſt they ſerue, *thus* Chriſtians liues they liue:
Thus, vnto Chriſt they holy *Worſhip* giue.
Theſe *Fathers* fitly may be props of Hell:
But, of Gods *Houſe*, they cannot, halfe ſo well.
Why ſeeke I Samplars? ſince full *Stories* writ,
Romes *Fathers* filthy *Liues* ſet out moſt fit.
Euen *Sol* doth ſhame, their curſed Crimes to ſee:
My modeſt *Muſe* may now (then) ſilent bee.
Heere, oft-times fell a *Starre*, from a cleere Skie,
A Cloudie Day brought vnchaſte *Chaſtitie*.
Romane *Records* doe filthy *Foggs* exhale;
Her *Scene obſcene* is as a lothſome tale.
Rome, Vicious Rome, the Worlds *Metropolis*,
The *Metropolitan* Popes foule *Chaire* is.
Gomorrha, ſcarce excell'd it in ſtrange Crimes:
So many *Sin-Monſters* raigne in their Climes.
And, ſure, but by *that-fire* which *All* muſt fry,
Their *frozen-Sins*, nought els can liquifie.
Rich Rome, for triumphs, Rome, moſt honoured:
Is now the Empires *Tayle*, which (once) was *Head*.
A *Shambles* of much Murther, *Sincke* of Sin:
Shames Cell, *Luſts* Seate, a place to quaffe Wine in.
Where you may many *Harpeies*, *Maſtiues* ſee:
Where proud *Ambition*, fly *Sedition* be.
Rome, th'art bleſt *Salems Character* as right,
As *Chriſt* is typ'd in thy *Metropolite*.

OF

OF THE COVETOVS BVYING AND SELLING OF ALL THINGS VNDER THE POPES Power and Iurisdiction.

THE EIGHTH SATYRE.

THE ARGVMENT.

That Simon Peter was at Rome, Who knowes?
That Simon Magus was there, All Truth shewes.

OF *Rules*, reform'd to strange *got-gaine* I write:
Effected by the Popes *Command* and *Might*.
Who *laps-vp*, *wraps-vp*, all the world like *Floods*:
Like *Water* scoures, deuoures all *Neighb'ring-Goods*.
A priuate *Plague* Romes monstrous *Maw* doth fret:
The more she *gets*, the more she *gapes* to get.
Furred with Gold is euery Popelings *Bull*:
(As *Load-stones* Steele) *This*, *yellow-gold* can pull.
Let *Shauelings* serue the Pope, their Patrone graue:
For, at *his Pleasure*, they their Treasure haue.
Heere, *Ezraes siluer-Sense*, *Moses* doth ope:
To *All*, all *wrong* is *right*, if *Gold* they grope.
Great *Golden Glisters* purge all Crimes committed:
The *Guilty*, are by *argent Agents* quitted.

Thus to the World affy'd, not crucifide:
Worlds thirsty *Loue*, Romes *Father* hath euen fry'de.
His *Workes* Hee *workes* by *sacred Policy*:
But, these to God are *Atheisme* most high.
Christs *Throne* is Heau'nly, Heau'nly things doe muse:
But Papall *Pride*, an earthly *Throne* doth chuse.
Yet, vaine's this *Choice*, which chooseth Earthly things:
For, by such choice, toward God hee *folly* brings.
Satan *stalkes, walkes*, seeking whom to deuoure:
The same doth Romes *Cosmopolite* each houre.
That this *Possessour* poore may gape for moe,
'Twixt *Riches*, *Rapine*, his great *Thirst* doth grow.
Behemoth hopes to drinke vp *Iordan* dry:
And none Romes gaping *Gulph* can satisfie.
With vnseene *Shackles*, *Law-snares* intricate,
This sharking *Sepheard*, *Sheepe* can captiuate:
Thy Church (O Christ) a *Money-Mart* Hee makes:
Seekes not thy *Lambes*, but *Lands* t' himselfe he takes.
Good *Manners*, not great *Mannours* God best prizeth:
His Steward *Mannours* Loues, *manners* despiseth.
For, This Priests *Polipheme* and *Atlas* stout,
By these *Tricks*, trimes & props Gods House throughout,
Most craftily strange *Grins* and *Gins* hee laies.
His hollow-heart hath thousand *wilie-waies*.
Of which, *Gold-Bringer*, brauest of them all,
His *Loue*, his *Life*, his *Wife*, Hee (well) doth call.
His zeale is *Amphisbæna*; serues two Lords:
The World good seruice; God, hee none affords.
The *Gifts* of *Good-gift-Giuers* make them Popes:
Who want at home, at home may sit, like *Mopes*.
Vice-Christ, Lawes firmes, and them repeales by Bribes.
But, hee Gods Lawe, prostitutes and proscribes.

* *Amphisbena is a Serpent in Lybia, with two heads, one in the right place, and the other at his taile, both very poysonous.*

Iohn

Iohn Baptiſt, *Herod* did forbid to wed
His Brothers wife; This Popes haue ſuffered.
Paul became *All*, to *All*, a Soule to get:
All Vice-Chriſts *care* is on his owne gaine ſet.
Oh Chriſt, Thy *Gueſts* Thou'lt firſt inuite, then vrge:
Thy *Vicar*, will them threaten, force, and ſcourge.
Thy Head (O Chriſt) a *Crowne* of *thornes* did teare:
Vice-Chriſt, a *Triple Crowne* of *Gold* doth weare.
Thus, ſtrangely better, is this *Head* Papall,
Than *Peter*, *Paul*, *Iohn Baptiſt*, CHRIST, and all.
This *Fee-Fowler*, *Wealth-watching Argus* ſly,
Spreadeth *Gold-catching Snares*, moſt cunningly,
Sinners by *Summes* being tax'd; Is *Coine* ſo vicious?
Gold (ſure) is *Hereſie*: T'haue *Wealth*, pernicious.
Thus, *guilty-Gold*, in *Bird-lime Lawes* is caught:
And *Nothing* deadly, but a man t'haue *Nought*.
If *Gold-death Antidots*, yer dead, thou haue:
From *deadly-Sin* thy *Soule* He'le (ſurely) ſaue.
For, Romes *Bullipotent*, indulgent Pope,
All euill of *paine* and *guilt* remooues, I hope.
Touching leaſt *Triſles*, hee doth Lawes ordaine:
All which are quickly voide by precious *Gaine*.
The truncke is little, whence a *Fly* ſups blood:
And to the Pope *leaſt Lawes* bring *greateſt good*.
At *Toyes* Hee'l rage, winkes at moſt wicked *things*:
If happy *Gaine* fly forth with *golden wings*.
Sins ſhackles ſhaken off, thou'lt quickly ſee,
And pure Soules fly to *Heau'n*, if *Gold* them free.
Giue to the Pope, and *dare* each damned deed:
Actours foule *Acts* no puniſhment can breed.
All's pardonable to *Gift-giuers* All:
Their Sin's as *Vendible*, as *Veniall*.

Thus theirs at Rome the *Purſes* dire decay:
But no ſoules *health*, no forcing *ſinne* away.
Giue, Giue, Giue oft, this Romiſh *Horſe-Leach* cries:
And, by her *food*, fierce *hunger* ſtill doth riſe.
All *vnction*, all *compunction* is from *gold*:
And he wants *Nought*, that hath moſt yellow *mold*.
Romes *Mother-Church*, her *Teats* ties-vp from none:
By whoſe good *Gifts*, ſhe *fat* and *faire* is growne.
But, here obſerue (for this *diſtinction* ſtout
With oft *ingemination* they giue-out.)
Peters chaire's great, aboue all *Lawes* his *Might*:
And to the Pope Gods *power* is due by *right*.
A *Symoniſt* he's not, *Gratis* giues he:
Giue, and he'le *Giue*, *take* thou, he'le *ſharer* be.
He giues to *thee*, thou to *him*, what's more cleare?
Thus, *Loue* reciprocall muſt *loue* endeere.
Why mention I, the *traps*, *toyles*, *money-Meanders*,
Of Romes *world-thirſting* courtous *commanders*?
Romes vnfill'd intricate *Churybdis* broyles;
And, though too wealthie, ſwallowes wealthy ſpoyles.
The Church of Rome, hath power *Omni-potent*;
And liuely *liuer-ucines Omni-patent*.
Deformed *Rules*, enormed *Lawes*, Romes Court,
Doth at her wicked *will* inuent, ſupport.
Her *Courts* with *wranglings* ring, *Goodneſſe* is whipt:
Her tatling *Troopes*, with *Gold*, their *tongues* haue tipt:
Gold-griping Eloquence pleades free from ſcath;
Such power Romes *Rhetorician* (*Riches*) hath.
Beſides, at Rome (where'ere no cauſes be)
Cauſe-pleaders, ſtraight, *cauſe-coyners* turn'd, you'l ſee.
Here *Lawyers* may ſell *Lawes*, moſt lawfully;
Becauſe by *Bribes* a Lawyers *Bench* they buy.

In

In plodding *Plebeans* many matters, they
Deſpiſe diſpatch; *deuiſe* and watch delay.
If *Wealth* come, Rome will *welcome* thy diſpute:
If thou bring *nought*, then ſtay at home, be mute.
Wealth-wanting Louers, Lais loue in vaine:
And Rome loues none, that bring not *gold* and *gaine*.
Rome ſtreines at *Gnats*, and ſwallowes *Camels* downe:
The *Guiltie* ſhe'le forgiue, on *Guiltleſſe* frowne.
She'le vexe poore *Lambes*, and let proud *Lions* goe:
For *Wolues* and *Foxes* faults, her *Sheepe* feele woe.
Thus, is Romes Papall Iuſtice to be ſold:
And Goddeſſe * *Themis* to be hirde for gold.
The Popes foule *faults* are *facts Apoſtolicke*:
His flockes fraile *facts* are *faults Apoſtaticke*.
Wonders I write: but what, has not Romes throne,
And all *ore-ruling power* of Biſhops done?
Great *Grand-Sire*, *Guide* of Guides, Romes *demi-God*:
Thus are *thy* flockes rulde with a *Golden-Rod*.
O how (beſides Romes *Abaddon*) th'art right,
Nummipolizing Pope, *Law-breaking wight*:

* *Ionis filia & Iuſtitiæ Dea.*

OF

THE MOST FORMIDABLE AND ABOMINABLE POWDER-PLOT BY PAPISTS, WITH THEIR horrible authorized libertie to perpetrate any Villany.

THE NINTH SATYRE.

The Argvment.

At Rome, by Rapine there's a Golden-Age,
By Crueltie, there's ſtill an Iron Age.

With *Gods Law* to *diſpenſe*, makes deadly wounds;
Yet, Rome does *This*, and *All things* elſe confounds.
Right, *Faith*, and *Troth*, *Oathes*, *Promiſes*, *Vowes* giuen;
(Theſe wrong'd, thou'lt ſay, are keyes of hel, not heauen)
She wrongs, vnbinds, breaks, kicks at: thus paſt doubt,
No *Obſtacle* her free *Decree* bolts-out.
Why ſhould not ſhe free all with others pelfe?
Who, all elſe (ſoone) diſpenſeth, of her ſelfe.
Popes *will's* a *Gen'rall-Rule*: doſt doe his minde?
None then, thee *Guiltie* of the *Fact* can finde.
Any, 'gainſt *Any*, *Any* thing commits,
Whilſt *God* as *Prieſt*, the *godleſſe* as *Iudge* ſits.

Parricides

Parricides (once) againſt this *Realme* aroſe;
And did a deſp'rate damned *Plot* compoſe.
A machinated *Treaſon*, ſtrange and true:
Whoſe like, no *paſt*, no *future* Times, can ſhew.
I quake to ſpeake, my trembling *Tongue* ſticks-faſt:
My *hands* doe ſhake, my *Muſe* is mute againſt.
Twelue *Ring-leaders* did meet, deepe *Hels blacke-Band*;
A new ſtrange bloudy *Birth* to take in hand.
At Rome 'twas ſhap't, Romes *Whore* 'its *Damme* became:
Monſtrous *Magara Midwife* to the ſame.
The *King*, his *Queene*, the *Prince*, *Peeres*, *Biſhops* graue,
Superiour and *Inferiour*, *Nobles* braue;
The Scarlet *Iudges* and wiſe *Iuſtices*;
The chiefeſt *Knights* and choyſeſt *Burgeſſes*:
All pious *Patriots*, met in Parliament,
On State affaires (as cuſtome was) *All* bent:
All *theſe*, by *thoſe* baſe Traitors markt to die,
(Had not Heau'ns fore-ſight made diſcouerie)
Smother'd in *Smoake* into the Aire blowne vp,
Had drunke full *draughts* of deaths moſt direfull *Cup*.
O woefull, fearefull, *Stygean* damned *Act*:
Likeſt it ſelfe, paralelld by no *fact*.
O miſchiefe, murther, maſſacre moſt ſtrange:
New *Snare*, baſe *Ware*, brought forth from hells Exchange
Nought vnder heauen was (once) *new*: but our time
Brought forth a *new*, nefarious, monſtrous *crime*.
Firſt was a *Golden-Age* (as Gods deare *daughter*:)
As the Popes *Neece*, a *powder-Age* came after.
What ſacred, ſugred loue at Rome there dwells?
This fathers loue all *Fathers* loue excells.
For, that we might not *dead* to heauen goe:
Aliue, by *Powder*, he'd vs thither blow.

„*Theſe*

„ *These are the Briefes of Romes Religion braue:*
„ *To make one-day all-Brittaine bring to graue.*
Romes *Monsters mouth* and *throate* is large and hollow:
And, at one draught, can many thousands swallow.
O Popish cruell crue, inhumane, quite,
Monsters in *Gods*, *Monsters* in all *Mens* sight.
As Peace perturbers, as Bloud-suckers, all,
That see you, flie you, finde you, from you fall.
O woefull *wracke*, such and so many slaine:
This, *worke* they *would*, but wrought their *worke* in *vaine*,
Is *this life-giuing* true *Christianitie?*
Is *this* firme *faith*, pure Popish *Pietie?*
Ill deeds to *good-ends*, None may enterprise:
And yet may Rome doe such that Rome may rise?
Had all our *heads* vpon one *Necke* (then) stood,
As *Nero* (once) desir'd (Romes man of blood:)
That Necke, with *one cracke* of sulphurious *smoke:*
Had beene smit-off, had not *God* stayd the *stroke*,
O wretched *Worke*, to which all *woes* are due:
Great *wracke*, more great, than may be held for true:
Who *present* saw *All*, noted, *All*, he saw:
To trust *all seene*, his *owne eyes* scarce could draw.
With such fierce flames of quicke sulphurious scath,
Doth Rome promoue, approue her *Cath'licke Faith.*
Alas, Christs truth into Kings Courts, ne're came,
With *Swords*, with *Poysons*, *Pistols*, *Powder-flame*;
Couer'd with Satans *knauish-cloakes*, to slay,
Till Romes *Philistims* grew so great, so gay.
Did *Peter fish* for *Kings* in *streames* of *bloode?*
No, *Belzebub* can fish *best* in *that* flood.
To be catcht-vp in *Bloud*, as *Peters fish*,
And pay so deare for Rome, Ile neuer wish.

O

O *thus*, euen *thus*, each *Romish-Traitour*, hath
A *Vault* to hide his *Treason*, as his *Faith*.
Oft bloody blasts from Romes *Tarpeian* Towre,
Brake forth, and did thousands of Soules deuoure.
Fire-spitting *Brats*, igneous *Ignatius* bred:
If *Iesuites* be his *Brood* (as so 'tis sed,)
Religion hath beene euer *fring'd* with *fraud*,
And *Piety* beene made foule *Treasons Bawd*.
While *Iesuites* doe what them the Pope hath bidden:
Vnder their *Mealy-mouthes* foule *Fiends* lye hidden.
The Churches *Weapons* (once) were *Prayers* and *Teares*:
Romes *Weapons* (now) *Swords*, *Fire-brands*, *Poysons*,
Viperous-Imps are in Romes bowels bred: (*Speares*.
And truely barbarous, boystrous is her *Head*.
Boasters in *Blood*, in *Fire*, in *Swords*, in *Rapes*:
Thou'dst Papists iudge, foule *Deuils* in *Mens* faire shapes.
Though many *props* doe Romes *Religion* stay;
Their Chiefest hold on *Sword* and *Fire* they lay.
But, whil'st thus oft their *Flocks* they *fleece*, o're-throwe
They *Signes* of Romish *Faith* and *False-hood* shew.
Within, foule *Crimes*; *without*, *Reuenge* they beare:
Acts against Christ none vnaueng'd appeare.
Alas, why by *two deaths*, thought *Tisiphone*,
On *ours* to prey, and then to slay her *owne*.
For, *Rockey Peters Chayre*, Faiths *Rock* to bee:
Thou, by *Salt-Peter*, *Powder*, *Fire*, wouldst see.
But now, the *World* their Papall *prancks* espies:
And Romish *Rhea* shames at hir owne Lyes.
Romes *Ram-like Actors* came vpon the Stage:
But God oppos'd their hatefull *Actiue-Rage*.
O Rome, thou buildest *Nests*; *Birds*, canst not hatch:
Acknowledge then, *Gods Hands*, *Gods Eyes* thee watch.

Thus *Babels* brood her *Birth* could not bring out:
Whereof prime pregnant *Hope*, made them past doubt.
Damn'd *Diræ* sighed and hells furies fum'd:
Yea, *Plutos* pallace shooke, as nigh consum'd:
Because their hellish *hopes* tooke none effect,
And heauen did *timely* their *deceit* detect.
Reioyce blest *Brittaine* in this *New-saluation*:
And keepe *That day* with endlesse recordation.
Christ freed thy *Soule* from *hell* fire, and *this fire*
Than euer *any flame*, to *hels*, came nigher.
That day which they Britaines blacke-Day would see,
Nouembers fifth, Britaines bright-day shall be.
The day was *Tewsday*, but by Popish spight,
Papists Ash-Wednesday, it had beene more right.
Daniell, deliuered from the Lions den,
Had not such cause to praise God, as *We*, then:
For, *rage* of roaring *Lyons*, oft, is tam'd:
But, Romes fierce *Wrath* is quenchlesselv enflam'd.
For euer, then, fell *Papists*, howle, lament,
Your Popish *Powder-Pieties Intent*.
For, all the *Oceans* floods will ne're make cleane
(Perfidious Rome) thy *knauish Sinke* obscene.
Englands Transalpinated Papistrie.
Hath wrought such oft *Blood-smeared* crueltie.
Breeds our *Transmarine Trauaile* so light minde?
Let's then by *Law* be to our *homes* confinde.
For *doubtlesse*, this detestable foule *fact*
Was counsell'd, courag'd, by the Popes compact.
For, he which bids doe, whats almost done: he
In's will doth worke must stay't or *authour* be.
Had he not cast *Paternall care* from's heart:
He'd ne're haue playd such a *Step-fathers* part.

Who

Who from his *Bubble-bellowing Bulls* boiles out,
All *Caco-curses*, hellish *Broiles* about.
And thus he saies: *Let one-day England make,*
One Graue, whose note on future day shall shake.
Vices Vice-roy, or *Vice* It selfe, is *Hee*,
Who, Peters *Chaire* dares foule with Villanie.
We read, that when the *High-Priest* vs'd to enter
Gods *Holyest-Place*: without *Blood* Hee'd not venture.
So, *Romes High-Priest* vnlesse some *blood* hee taste,
To's *Shiloh* Synagogue doth seldome haste.
Thus *one* of *many* facts we haue found out:
Heare *Others* (now) not *better* Ones, I doubt.
To *All* Sins, fuell this *Dispenser* findes:
And much *fine-Flowre* out of *Crimes-corne* he grinds.
Popes *Pardons* purge foule *Homicides* most white:
Makes *blots* and *spots* of bloody *Daggers* bright.
And if, *this Priest* of Romes rare Rocke, *dispense*,
Thou *quit* maist *sit* free from all foule offence.
Or, if the *Lawes* strict *Act* thee *guilty* make:
Deaths deadly *Act* on *Thee* no hold shall take.
Antichrists *Bull* and Christs *Blood* are nere kin:
For, *that*, as *this*, *pardons* and *pures All* Sin.
If Romes blest Bishop *warres*, *wiles*, *periurie*,
Commands as *iust*; iust they are, instantly.
For, the Popes *pleasure* is all deeds *direction*:
'Tis *Law* of *Lawes* to yeeld him sole subiection.
Thou, then, *Who* bids, not *what* Hee bids, take heed:
And doe his *Will*, with Courage and with Speed.
And doe his *Will*; for Christ did *All* Command,
To the *Lord God* of Romes high Hests to stand.
His *Fist*, *Arme*, *Shoulders*, Warlike Engines are:
Least Hee grow *Mad* (then) haue a speciall care.

For, first, these regall *Rites* Christ *Peter* gaue:
And to Romes *Peter*, *Proto-Pope* most braue.
But, Romes rich *Patriarke* to be *Peters Heire*,
Saint *Peters Chaire* and *Miter*, *There*, declare. (scope;
All *Crownes*, *Thrones*, *Kingdomes*, through *Earths* ample
Christ gaue to *Peter*, *Peter* to the *Pope*.
And Hee which *Fathers* moues, Himselfe approues,
Patrician; But, Hee, *Father Peter* moues.
Therefore, all th' honour Christ to *Peter* gaue,
Our *Lord* the *Pope* (I surely hope) must haue.
And, in prime *Peter! All* rare *Acts* you see,
Must this *Petrian-Patrons* Actions bee.
The word is vaine, vertue comes not by kinde:
Saint *Peters off-Spring* wee excepted finde.
But, Peters *pious Life*, and last *Confession*:
In the Popes *Chaire*, find no *Chaire*, nor Impression.
Peters *faint-Faith* (O Christ) Thee *thrice* denide:
Full *oft* the Pope (Vice-Christ) doth Thee deride.
Yet, Peters *teares* shew'd Peter penitent:
But, no man euer saw the *Pope* repent.
Lastly, for *Thee*, *Peter* did gladly dye:
The *Pope* thy *Members* murthers cruelly.
See, who'l deny the Pope to haue (as due)
Sure *Shape*, *Staffe*, *Stoole*, of Peter *Martyr* true,
Rules not wise *Palinurus* in Romes *Ocean*,
Peters tall *Ship*, without least *Slip* in's motion:
Petets *Ship* (sure) on many a *Rocke* and *Shelfe*
Hee drives; and is the *Ships* worst *Rocke Himselfe*.

AN

AN EPIDOGVE OF THE ANTECEDENTS.

THus Romes *Dictator* All the *World* directs:
Thus Hee Gods holy *Bible*, foules, infects.
Thus Sacrilegiously Gods *Gifts* Hee'l sell,
Simon (not Peter) *Magus* matching well.
Thus faines hee *Fancies* fond, Heretical;
Of *Heretikes* being *Head* Spirituall.
Thus *Monarchs* hee to *warres* and *Wawes* incites:
And like a *Martiall Priest*, with two Swords fights.
Thus Popes *permission* out-laws *Lawes* most iust:
And *Canons* (when hee lists) *Canons* forth thrust.
Thus *Caiphas* calls *blacke white*, *wrong right*, and still,
All *gaine* is *good*: and *Lawfull* what *Hee* will.
Thus Rome runs-ore with *Wawes* of *Wickednesse*:
Though Gods wise Steward dwell there, ne'retheleſſe.
Thus *Pro-Christ*, *Procrust* that rare *Theefe*, is like,
To Christs true *Tipe* and *Pattern* most vnlike.
Thus Hee Christs *Worke* promoues by *slaughters* fly:
With sitting still a *Stocke*, *Blocke*, Dullard dry.
Thus Hee sels *Smoake*, and turnes his *Lead* to *Gold*:
Thus finally Hee robbeth Christs Sheep-fold.
Is not *this Prophet* (thinke you) from God sent?
Yes, sure as *Night* doth *Day-light* represent.

OF THE HOLY RELIQVES, TRADITIONS, AND OTHER ADMIRABLE INVENTIONS OF THE CHVRCH OF ROME.

THE TENTH SATYRE.

The Argvment.

O how the Pope loues pretty prancks and toyes!
How Peter-Priests and Mitred-Men, Him ioyes!

NOw, full fraught *Legions*, and prodigious *Bands*
Of Romes *Patrician*, hasten to our Hands; (find,
Whose pregnant *Whore* doth *Rags* and *Reliques*
The Vniuerse with trifling toyes to blinde.
Looke at, and laugh at the fond *Fantasies*,
This *Fabling-Father* meanes to Moralize.
Hee'l shew you many *Nailes* (if truth ha'nt faild)
Wherewith Christs *Hands* and *Feete*, to th' *Crosse* were
And of Christs *Croße* a pretty *peece*, not rotten: (naild.
Which pregnant *Peece*, hath *thousands* more begotten.
Why doe they not the *Thornes*, *Nailes*, many more?
And (as the *Crosse*) *Longinus Launce* adore?
Gau'st thou (O Christ) the *Church*, thy *Spouse*, sure prizes?
Her Dow'ry (sure) was no such Marchandizes.

Tiaditions

Traditions Caucasus so huge is growne;
That Hir great *growth* thy *Church* hath nigh o'rethrown.
Romes deepe-learn'd *Doctours* in Diuinitie,
Make these, Religions firme *Profundity.*
Traditions Pillars, prop Romes Papall-*Power*:
These fortifie her gorgeous high-top'd *Tower.*
Much honour, hence, hath Romes great *Grand-Sire* got:
And of this *Mould*, hath made a glistering *Pot.*
But by the *dismall-doctrines* which he preacheth:
Hee is Gods *Traitour*, and *Himselfe* ore-reacheth.
Traditions gastly *Gorgons* hee proiects:
And by these *Rockey-Rules*, Mens *Faith* infects.
Vnwrit *Decrees* Hee with *Gods-Word* compares:
Yea, them preferre 'fore Gods *Hand-writing* dares.
A meere *Inck-Doctour* hee is held most fit:
Which knowes and showes nothing but *Pen-mens* writ.
With these poore *shreds*, this *Latine Bishop* frames
A *Fig-leafe Coat*, to hide his *Whorish shames.*
But I, *Traditions* loathsome *Lees* most vaine,
Spu'd from Romes *Nauseus-Maw*, spue-vp againe.
The *Scriptures* (saith Hee) are not *Faiths Foundation*:
Traditions are *Faiths Basis*, *Propagation.*
Scripture is not *Faiths Prop*, *Main-Mast*, *Chiefe-Poste*:
Truths Horologe, *Rule*, *Canon*, *Guiding-Coaste.*
Nor was *Gods Word* giuen, as *Faiths guiding-Queene*:
But that it might *Faiths Chamber-maid* be seene.
The *Popes opinion* is *Faiths Conduit-Head*:
But by *Gods Word* Mans *Faith* must not be fed.
O proud presumpt'ous, vaine, profane *Decree*;
And which proues plaine *Asses-eares* Popes *Eares* bee.
Yet anxiously almost *All Popery* rests,
In vntaught *Teachers*, blockish, brutish *Brests*,

Now

Now comes the *Scribling Age*, *Arts* honour braue,
Romes pretty *Page*, the Popes fine fawning *Slaue*.
And many *Wonders* wondrously doth write,
Whereto (in doubt) I *Faith* deny and plight.
These *Packes* of *Pick-thanks*, flattering *Gnathoes* base,
With luscious *Larde* fatten the Popes fat *face*.
These are dull *Doctours*, as dull *Carkasses*;
Hee these fond Fooles *confirmes*, *formes* as hee please.
All these skinne-o're foule Antichrists deepe woundes:
But what's the *Salue*, when God the *Sore* confounds?
The *golden-Legends* of their *Saints* they'l show?
Whereof, Hee is most wise, which least doth know.
For senseless *Writs* and sottish *Writers* rare:
Rome long hath borne the *Bell*, past all compare.
To which (deuoid of *Light* and *Learning* quite)
What Popes (each houre) *put out*, *put in*, is right.
In wondrous witlesse wise, many seeme wise:
Who little *teach*, and lesse doe *exercise*.
T' *Apollo*'s Kitchin I'd not bring their *Bookes*,
But for *Pie-papers*, and for *Spice* for's *Cookes*.
And their mad-making many *Bookes*, I feare;
Is it which makes mee buy my paper deare.
Hee which as forged Writings doth suppose
Canons-Apostolike, with *Truth* he goes.
But when *Decrees*, they *Decretals* would call,
Gods true *Religion*, then, began to fall.
Neither my *Mars*, nor my *Minerua*, may
Their *New-Religions* oft *diuorce*, display.
Thalia, bite thy *Nailes*, thy *writings* rend;
For, *one-thing* yet will not thy *Verse* attend.
Yet be couragious; *courage* much assists,
With strong-arm'd *hopes* to re-attempt the *Lists*.

Blacke

Blacke and *White-Friers*, Priests, in gay *Coates* dreſt:
A two-foot *Cordeleire* a bare-foot *Beaſt*:
Fryers *Mendicants* and *Manducants* encreaſe,
Fat *Epicurean*-Calues, beſmear'd with greaſe:
All theſe faire *Sprigs*, fat *Pigs*, Romes *Sow* doth breed:
From Romes moſt pregnant *Dam*, ſuch *Broods* proceed.
Heere thou maiſt ſee Chriſts *Name* make *many white*;
Whoſe diueliſh *deeds* make their *liues* black as night.
Their houres *deuotion* is their *deuoration*:
And to their *throat* to giue a fat *oblation*.
But ſome doe faſt, that they by *Faſts* may merit:
And thereby thinke (fond fooles) *Heau'n* to inherit.
Each one his *Sect* obſerues obſequiouſly,
Does *Deeds* forbidden, bidden *Deeds* doth fly.
This Sect, weares *Linnen*; *That* will *woollen* weare:
This Sect, holds *Fiſh*; *That*, *Hearbs* more holy fare.
This bald-pate narrow is; *That's* bald more wide;
This, weares his Gowne more looſe, *That's* cloſer tide.
This, *Auguſtine* ſerues beſt; *That Benedict*:
This (O *Carthuſian*) is thy *Copeſmate* ſtrict.
This, beares the *Croſſe*, *That* beares the *Coole* about:
This, is for th' *Altar*; *That*, for th' *Kitchin* ſtout.
This (ſweet Saint *Francis*) is thy *follower* bold:
That, as his *Staue*, Saint *Anthony* doth hold.
This, like an *Anchorite*, liues in a Wall:
That, ſtrange to th' *World*, loues the *World* moſt of all.
This, to *Hee-Saints*; *That*, to *Shee-Saints*, doth pray:
This, *Woodden-gods*; *That*, *Stonie-gods* makes gay.
This, to things fram'd, fain'd, pictur'd, proſtrate *vowes*:
This, *one knee*; *That*, to's Image *both knees* bowes.
This, Chriſts; *That*, Peters; *This*, Pauls *Ape* will ſeeme:
This, you'l an *Oxes*, *Aſſes*, *Sowes* Mate deeme.

Finally; fitly, doth *Oxe, Theefe, Sow, Priest, meete:
And many, hold *this Sect* to bee most sweete.
Yet euery *Sect* thinkes his *Rites* holyest:
And, of all *Orders*, his to be the best.
Diuorcement of Religious Romanists;
Their *Faith* may *sever, never* firmely twists.
There are, whom I'* *Suites*; from *Sowes* may name:
For, they their *Names* from Iesus falsely frame.
These are *Peace-spoylers, Bellowes* for to blow,
And *Brands* to kindle, flames of quenchlesse woe.
This *fraud-blood-borne base-brood*, dissembles, faines:
And with sweet *words* to hide sharpe *Swords* takes paines.
'T's enough, that they yet *Luther*, Papists were;
This is their *Faiths* and their *Religious Sphere*.
See the *Deuotion* of these braue *Whip-bearers*:
How they with whips are dayly *selfes-flesh Tearers*,
Giuing themselues *forty Stripes lacking one*:
For, *this* in thee (O blest Saint *Paul*) was showne.
Francis (they say) Christs wounds in's Body bare:
To Romes *Stygmaticks*, *Hee's* the Patterne rare.
Hee onely had with Christ *Conformity*:
In's body therefore they *fiue-wounds* can spie.
I wish them, this *deuotion* still to hold;
This *whipping-Cheere*, Christs *Coate*, thus bought & sold.
But let their *Whips* three stinging Cords containe:
And *Tiburn*-like, triangled *Markes* remaine.
But why doe such huge *Troopes* of *Wenches* throng?
In Popish *Camps*, Their *Conuents*, struggling long?
Obedience (sure) and *vowed Chastity*,
They there performe; true Popish *piety*.
Nymphs strangely *pregnant*, this *Religion* makes:
And from *Maid-mothers* their sad burthen takes.

*Bos, Fur, Sus, aliq; Sacerdos.

*Suita, de Sue.

In

In many *Cells*, this *Hell-Spawne* Papall Crue;
Vow-breaking Brood, their *belly-gripes* can shew.
If, in Romes holy *Coope*, *hatcht chickens* pe:pe:
'Tis chaste enough, if *closly* they it keepe.
In euery *Cloister* and religious *Cell*,
Their *order*, *Rites*, and *Rules*, doe all excell.
Each, for Religions *Rule*, his *Order* hath:
Their *Orders order Fooles*, *disorder Faith*.
Mongst all their honoured *Sects* by *Order* graced:
Romes *Order* rules, Gods *Order* is thence chased.
Alas, doth Romes *Schismatike* traine by fractions
Sound *praises Harpe*, or *discords Dramme* to factions.
At *Festivals* approch, *Good-Workes* they praise:
But to performe them vse most long delayes.
Feasts ornate, *onerate*, each *moneth*, each *day*:
That, *all* the yeere (almost) brings *dayes* of play.
Then, with their *Feete* (not *Hearts*) to Church they goe:
Where *prayers*, *performance*, all their fingers show.
And who'd not sweare that they to Christ pray not?
When, as amaz'd, they pray, but know not what.
Thus they their frequent *Mattens Vespers* vtter:
And *Orizons* to *Hee-Saints Shee-Saints* mutter.
Thus, for *Hearts Vowes*, *Harps various* harmony,
They giue to God, *Songs* for *Sincerity*.
I oft admire, Romes *Bacchus-like* oblation:
Tis strange, yet see, things of more *admiration*.
Popes *Bulls*, Popes *Pardons*, Oh how deere they be?
Yet, this deere ware's not worth a *Rush* to mee.
Braue *Balsome*, th' *Agnus-Dei*, Fooles to gull:
I hold as deare as is a *Locke* of *Wooll*.
In Romes rare *Riches* and *facetious-Treasure*,
None but meere *Mad-men*, or *fond-fooles*, take pleasure.

Hee that is wiſe, Romes *Buls*, blowne *bubbles* makes:
Hee's wiſe, Romes *Fathers* Lead, as *Feathers* takes.
What ſpeake I of the *Frauds* and lying *Tricks?*
From which, this holy *Sire* much money picks.
Romes *Popes*, the Worlds prime *Pedlers*, *Chapmen* braue,
Much gaine, from many *Wares* created haue.
Are *Merry-Stewards* of all ſorts of toyes:
Chiefe *Schoole-Maſters*, of *Schooles* of ioyleſſe *Ieyes*.
Yea, Romes quick-*Sight*, ſuch money-Snares doth frame,
As, to relate, doe want, *Meanes*, *Number*, *Name*.
That *gaine* may grow, and Rome may *Riches* ſee:
Baſe *Huckſters*, *Pedlers*, *Panders*, Popes will bee.
What-ere Romes *fingers* feele, his *eye* doth ſpy:
His *Heele* kicks-at, is *holyer*, inſtantly.
For, from this holy Prelates *ſpicey-lips*,
Into *All*-things, rare *ſweetneſſe ſtrangely* skips.
If *Satans* filthy *throat* beltch-vp *Infection*:
The Pope from's *mouth* breathes forth a fine *Protection*.
Beſides, His holy *Breath* (ſtrange to be told)
Makes all his *Sons*, the *Holy-Ghoſt* to hold.
Creating *Maſſe-Prieſts*, hands on them hee layes:
Breathes; then, *Receiue the Holy-Ghoſt*, hee ſaies.
Since Chriſt ſaid, ſo, *Hee* muſt needs wicked bee:
Sayes, the Pope may not ſay 't as well as *Hee*.
What-ſo is Chriſts, the *holy Father* claimes:
And, this, the *Head* of all ſound *Faith* hee names:
For, whatſoe're *Gods-Word* our Sauiour gaue,
The Pope, Chriſts *Little-Ape*, the ſame muſt haue:
As to *Ieruſalem*, an *Aſſe*, Chriſt bare:
So, ſhould the Pope ride *Aſſes*, *Horſes* ſpare.
Alas, *one-day*, would nothing neere ſuffice,
To reckon-vp all Romes fond *Fopperies*.

By

By great good hap, to hunt for ſtore of *Coine*,
The Pope hath got neat *Gins* and *Engines* fine.
Since, neuer *Biſhop* thriu'd by *Subtiltie*:
The Popes *Throne* onely thriues by *knauerie*.
Faire *Marts* of *Arts*, and *Craftes* to get much gold,
He hath ordain'd; where *mud* for *money's* ſold.
Anti-Chriſt, firſt *Babe-like*, then a *Roarer* ſtout,
To his great *Grand-Sires dealt* rich *doules* about.
But, now, his *Tributes* haue a *Feuer* got:
Which Griefe, to cure, he muſt contriue a plot.
What once was held *Iupiters* Image braue:
Fiſhing Saint *Peters* picture, now they'le haue.
But this I'd ne're beleeue, *vnleſſe* my *Creed*
With a ſtrong *Mountaine-mouing Faith* he feed.
So ſtrong, long, looſe a *Faith* all Popelings finde:
To truſt whatſ'ere Popes *wills* their *conſcience* binde.
Peters Conclaue, long after him wan't knowne:
Nor Rome to be Popes *Sacro-ſanctled Throne*.
The *Carriage* of the *Hoſt*, ſo vp and downe,
Knew no ſuch *vſe*, as *now* is come to Towne.
The *Maſter* of Romes *Market*, ſells vaine things:
And to Gods *Houſe*, he, thus, baſe *Riches* brings.
He makes his *Buyers*, *re-buy* things *fore-bought*,
And yet the *Sale* his wares abateth nought.
He *giues* what's *ſold*, what's *giuen*, he'le *keepe*, he'le hold:
And the *ſame-thing* to *many*, at *once*, is ſold.
He *frees*, for *fees*, and (if the Pope thou pay)
His *pitteous-Pardon* is thine owne ſtrait-way.
Romes *Broker* (truſt it) hath *all ſorts* of ware;
And *Pearles* of *Bliſſe*, for *Gold*, can ſoone prepare.
Reprobate, runt to Rome, for (*there*) behold:
Heauens holyeſt *Houſehold-ſtuffe* thou'lt buy for gold.

Was this rare *selling-Trade* giuen *Peter* tho?
The Popes *Bull* (ſure) ſhall ne're make me thinke ſo.
But now of *Wonders* wondrous rare, I write:
Vnworthy *Credit*, worthy *Fooles* to fright.
In many *Temples* made of *Marble Stone*.
Whereof proud Romes bigge *brags* abroad are blowne.
Their *Stones* ſweat *Blood*, their *wood* yeelds *trickling-teares*
But he whoſe *Faith* here failes, is freeſt from feares.
Their *mumbling* ſtrange, makes deuills, them obay:
And can enforce *fiends* faſt to flie away.
Fairies, *Hobgoblins*, *Witches*, *Fantaſies*,
Can doe no hurt, if the Pope play his *prize*.
In holy *Fonts*, their *Bells* baptized are:
Pay for a *peale*, and *Sprites* they quickly ſcare.
Incenſe they burne, their *Altars* to perfume:
Whereat the *Deuill* ſoone flies foorth of the roome.
Yea Romes bleſt *Biſhop* by his ſoueraigne skill,
Can make the fierceſt *Fiend* flie when he will.
Satan would rage about, his *Chaine* being broke,
If Romes rare *Art* did not that *yong ſtar* yoke.
Much talke they haue of *holy-Waters* good:
Whether it's not more powr'full than Chriſt, *blood*?
For, from ſinnes *ſpots* and *blots* it frees the ſoule:
And Satans malice quickly can controule.
If ſprinkled with this *holy-dew*, th'art bleſt:
For, of all *Liquours*, this is purely beſt.
Hemerobaptiſts, Papiſts rightly ſhew:
Who, madly muſt, each day, haue *holy-dew*.
O *Puppet-playing* Papiſts, *Triflers* vaine:
Crafts-Enginers, *Deluders*, moſt profaine:
He (I beleeue) which taught you this *blacke-Art*:
Than Satans ſelfe, playes better, *Satans* part.

Holy

Holy Lambes-wooll, is very dearely sold:
This, the Popes *Cassocke* makes more rich with gold.
If the Pope sell pure *Wax*, it purgeth *Sinne:*
This truth, than *Truth* it *selfe* more *truth* must winne.
With the Popes *finger*, to be blest is rare:
Deny *this*, and deny *Seuens Starres* there are.
O what great *power*, hath holy *Vnction*, *Spittle*,
Honey and *Milke*, to *Grace?* sure, 'tis not little.
But, if thy fiercest *foes* the *crosse* doe spie:
This conq'ring *Signe*, will (surely) make them flie.
Her circumspective *care* doth *cure*, keepe *All*;
Is the soules *Target*, *Tower*, to saue from thrall.
I wonders write: By *it*, the *world* is guided:
And with the *crosse*, Christ hath his *Crowne* diuided.
Not Christs *coats hemme*, not *Dauids harpe*, to God;
Elias Mantle, *Moses Sea*-cutting *Rod:*
Vnto the *Crosse*, in power, halfe equall were,
For, *it*, euen Gods owne *might* and *grace* doth beare.
When to the *Crosse* Christs *Body* was made fast:
Gods power vpon it (doubtlesse) then, was cast.
Flie *Birds* ith' *Aire:* A signe o'th' Crosse is made,
By their spred wings, by which *signe*, They are staid.
By *Sailes* and *Maste*, cuts a ship *Neptunes* waues:
Euen *these* doe, make a *Crosse*, and *this*, it saues.
The *Plow-man* with a *Plow-share*, plowes the ground:
A *blessing-Crosse*, *there*, also (sure) is found.
A *Crosse-line* cuts the heauenly *Axle-tree:*
In *Heauen* the holy *Crosse* (then) figured see.
On the Sea-shore men doe a Crosse erect:
The waues thereby That bound to passe are checkt.
Poyson, though drunke can doe thee no great harme:
If, with the *signe* o'th' *Crosse* thy *lips* thou charme.

Great

Great *Father*, worthy *Fauter* of the *Crosse*:
One question of *It* twixt vs, let vs tosse.
If, in the *Crosse*, the *euill-sprite* feares *ought*:
It must the *matter* or the *forme* be thought.
Feares he the *matter*? why then d'ont the sight
Of *Pyles* of *Wood*, *Stones*, *Metals*, him affright?
Feares he the *forme* and meerely *figured frame*?
Why then doe not all *house-crosse-beames* him tame?
A mad *Crosse-worship* then *mad-Zeale* displayes,
When in the *Crosse*, a *Crosse* to be she sayes.
But yet, the *Crosse-waxe*, which Popes *Bulls* doe weare,
Is most vnlike the *Crosse*, which Christ did beare.
O Romes deare *Dedalus*, expert in toyes;
Who, *Wealth* to win from fat *Fooles*, them, emploies:
Thinkst thou thus fondly me to *Foolifie*?
To trust thy *Trickes* as *Truths* found *certaintie*.
My *Head* (I then) should hold blunt, void of wit:
And wish thy *Triple-Cronne* thereon to sit.
Now with thy *Nifles*, *Trifles*, *reliques* vaine,
'Tis time to end, since they no *end* containe.
For, thou with *all*, all sorts of *reliques* rare,
Gods holy *Temple* to prophane dost dare.
Thou searchest *Tombes*, thy *Reliques* to encrease:
Not suffering buried *Bodies* rest in peace.
Thus thou to th'*vnknowne-land* of *Reliques* goest:
And all thy *Reliques* all the *World-ore* showest.
Thus what with *Reliques* and such *superstition*,
To *thee* (O Christ) they scarce can giue admission.
Yet, all is sound *Religion*: for, hereby,
From the Popes *Coat*, all *Errour*'s forc'd to flie.
Thus, he t'*himselfe* alone Christs *Church* fast chaines:
Here, dwels pure *Truth*; here, *Faith*, no *Fraud* remaines.

And

And now the *Old-worls* muſtie *Houſehold-ſtuffe*,
Brings to my ready *Maſe*, *Matter* enough.
Much, now, ſwims-vp, which, ſunke to th'bottome lay:
And ſtore of *Rubbiſh* ſhines, now, cleare as clay.
The *Image* braue of graue *Antiquitie*,
Hath *Signes* of new, *Signes* of true *dignitie*.
Old Lawes, *old Sawes*, *Primitiue-Church*, moſt ſure,
All *old-Traditions*, *old-Religion* pure:
All are at Rome, ſeene plaine, yet doſt thou doubt?
Pure and ſure *Faith* to dwell, all Rome throughout?
Why, *hence*, 'tis plaine, they *Faith* retaine, that they
Haue Gods pure worſhip baniſht quite away.
And Rome for all her *new-come* Nouelties,
Straight brings out *Signes* of *old Antiquities*.
And hereby Papiſts, *Gibeonites*, are growne:
For, *All* that's *theirs*, is *old*, and *ancient* knowne.
That gentle *Aſſes-taile*, which Chriſt beſtrid,
They haue with *Gold* and gorgeous *gems* quite hid.
Ioſephs caſt-coates, times *Teeth*, haue torne and worne:
Yet, *Signes* of their *firſt-beautie*, 'bout are borne.
A *Pot* the *Virgin Maries Milke* doth hold:
O 'tis *deare Ware*, indeed, and *dearely* ſold.
Much mouldy *Maſe-Hoſts* in hid Pixes lie:
Which ſmell of *Mice*-prodigious *Batterie*.
He which doth ſacred *Sions* wealth, call *theſe*;
Let him *Milke Waſpes*, and *ioyne* together *Bees*.
Yet, leſt Romes *Mill* grinde thee to *powder* ſmall;
Though *Faith* may faile, thou muſt beleeue them *All*.
So many *Bones*, they'l of *one Martyr* ſhow;
That (paſt perhaps) the like in no Oxe grow.
And *oft* for *Martyrs bones*, *ſuch bones* are ſhowne,
As formerly, were *Hogs* and *Dogs bones* knowne.

Scarcely *one tombe, one coarſes* leauings keepes;
So quicke, each *relique* from *Sepulchers* creepes.
Rome, *teeming* Rome of *fraud* and *couſenage* full:
Theſe *Guiles* holds godly, groſſely *men* to gull.
But *He* that's well in's *wits*, *ſpits* at them all:
And ſmites them with Gods *Sword Spirituall.*
Alas, how much of Chriſts moſt holy *Blood*,
Is daily drunke by Romes *dry Saints* ſo good?
Yet, a poore *drop* of Chriſts his blood moſt pure,
This *zealant* Bottles-vp (beleeue it ſure.)
This ranke Religious *Prelate* puiſſant,
Theſe things to pleaſe God wond'rouſly, doth vant.
But I beleeue no *Pythagorean-Aſſe*,
Nor his brute thundring *Threats* a pin doe paſſe.
Delphicke Typheus, ratling rage, I ſcorne;
His deadlyeſt *drams* (if not drunke) may be borne.
His *combe* is cut, his power impair'd, of late,
Nor *buts* he halfe ſo hard with's three-*crown'd pate.*
This great *Cumanus*, yerſt, did *Monarchs* fright:
But, *ſince* his *hornes* were hew'd, *they* ſcorne his *might.*
For, *Vulcans Cacus*, vomits but in vaine;
Fumes with fond *fury*, *flames*, which, Moſt diſdaine.
Yet, Romes *Law*-giuing *Moſes hornes* hath left:
Onely, *He's* of *Nocs* noble *Arke* bereft.

A

A CORROLLARIE TO THE PREMISES.

MAny moe *Maruels* maruellous
In Rome are kept moſt *Curious*,
Which in a *Bundle* and briefe *Scope*,
Ile binde-vp cloſely with a *Rope*.
Chriſts *Girdle*, *Shoes*, *Coate*, *Haire*, they haue,
His *Night-Cap*, *Napkin*, *Shirt*, they ſaue:
Laſt Suppers houſehold *Implements*,
His *Cradle*, wounding-*Inſtruments*:
His *Crowne* of *Thornes*, the *Sponge* and *Reed*,
His *Sheet*, *Whip*, *Lance* that made him bleed.
Our Ladies *Haire-Lace*, *Slippers* good,
Combe, *Girdle*, *Gowne*, *Ring*, *Cloake*, *Haire*, *Hood*;
Much, giuen by *Will*, to th'*Triple-Crowne*,
Pure, precious *Things*, her gay *Silke-Gowne*.
Iohn Baptiſts *Head*, kept with great care,
Saint *Peters Key*, *Crooke*, *Sword*, and *Chaire*:
Full many *Stones*, that *Steuen* ſlew,
Old-*ſhewred*, ſure, pure *Manna-dew*:
The Holy-Ghoſts *Clawes*, *Wings*, and *Bill*,
Michaels Sword and *Buckler* ſtill.
Of Euch'riſt *Iarres*, large *Hiſtories*,
Entities many, *Quidities*:
Inexplicate, *Inextricate*
Contentions how to conſecrate.

Popes *Palaces* and Princely *Courts*,
Crimes Sanctuaries, Sinne ſupports;
Vice-teaching *Schooles*, ills *Enginers*,
A *Shop* of ſhameleſſe *Slanderers*.
A gaping *Gulfe*, great *Giants-court*,
A *Colledge* where *Prey-Birds* reſort.
A *Houſe* of boyſtrous bluſtring *Winds*;
A *Seed-plot* for *Seditious-Minds*.
A filthie *Mart* of *Holy-things*,
Which to Gods houſe abuſes brings.
A fierce *Confounder* of firme *Faith*,
Which Romes moſt rammiſh *Father* hath
Abolisht quite, by deuilliſh *Dreams*,
And thereby quencht-out *Truths* bright *Beames*.
That *Catacath'licke* Popes might place
Romes *Cacolike Religion* baſe.
Religion, veterate, falſe, ill-bred,
Paſt all *Hels Spels* that er'e I read.
A dead, deformed, faultring *Faith*,
Blunt, blockiſh, which no *Ground-worke* hath.
Hid *Myſt'ry* of *Iniquitie*,
Maſter-Piece of *Impuritie*.
Many a *Soules* vnſauorie *Meate*,
Worme-wood to *All* that thereof eate.
Sweet *Nectar* moſt peſtiferous,
A deadly *Drug* pernicious.
Couents in *Combats* duellizing,
Papiſticke *Armies* martiallizing;
With *Cenſures* cenſuring diuerſly
As with *Foes Blowes* euen forc't to die.
And many *Scotiſts* and *Thomiſts*,
And *Occamiſts* and *Gabr'elliſts*.

And *Nominals*, *Reals* not *Any*,
And *Syllogists*, and *Criticks* many.
And many *Muncks* and *Seculars*,
And *Regular Irregulars*.
And many sottish *Censurers*,
And many sly *Ly-Engineers*,
And many *Rowles* of rare *Decrees*,
And many *Romish Vanities*,
And many *Lightning* sore *Complaints*,
And many *thundring* strict *Constraints*.
And many *Sects* and *Sophisters*,
And many bawdy *Batchelers*.
And many *Saints* most inquinated,
And many *Nointed* and *Bald-pated*,
And many *burn't* with sacred *Zeale*,
And *Foes* & *Fooles* to th' Cõmon-Weale.
And *Tarricides* and *Regicides*,
And *Demi-Gorgon* Popes besides.
And many *Card'nals* Coapt in *Red*,
And many a proud vain-glorious *Head*,
And many deck with *Miters*, *Rings*,
And many *Whores*, and fat *Kitchins*.
And many *Hee-Saints*, *Tombes* most rare,
And many *Shee-Saints*, *Chappels faire*.
And many *Idols*, and *Coloßes*,
And many *Maſſes*, *Aſſes-Gloßes*.
And many *Head-Bands*, and *Head-Tyres*,
And many *Droues* of fatted *Fryers*,
And many *Miters*, many *Hoods*,
And many, more, most impious *Goods*,
And *Biſhopricks*, meere *Mockeries*,
And *Biſhops*, Papall *Trumperies*.

And monstrous *Lyes* of *Miracles*,
And of Lowd-*Lyes* strange *Oracles*,
And *Toyes* to loade three-hundred *Barkes*.
O then, Who-e're These sees and markes,
Must needes cry-out in admiration,
O *Rome*, the *Wonder* of *each Nation*!

Deo soli omnis gloria.

VPON

VPON THIS BEE-HIVE OR HONEY-COMBE.

THis *Booke*'s a *Bee*, not *Elephant*: Much *Gaine*
The *Readers Care*, not *Writers Crop*, may bring;
Small *Bees*, ſmall *Iems*, ſmall *Pearles*, *much good* containe;
Is Thy ſmall *Good* (ſmall *Booke*) a baſer *Thing*?
Fooles in their *Breſts* (as *Cheſts*) *Enuy* doe treaſure;
But in *ſuch Riches* (*Reader*) take no pleaſure.

FINIS.